The Relief Society Magazine

L. 34 NO. 7 Previews and Lessons for October JULY 1947

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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SEGO LILY

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

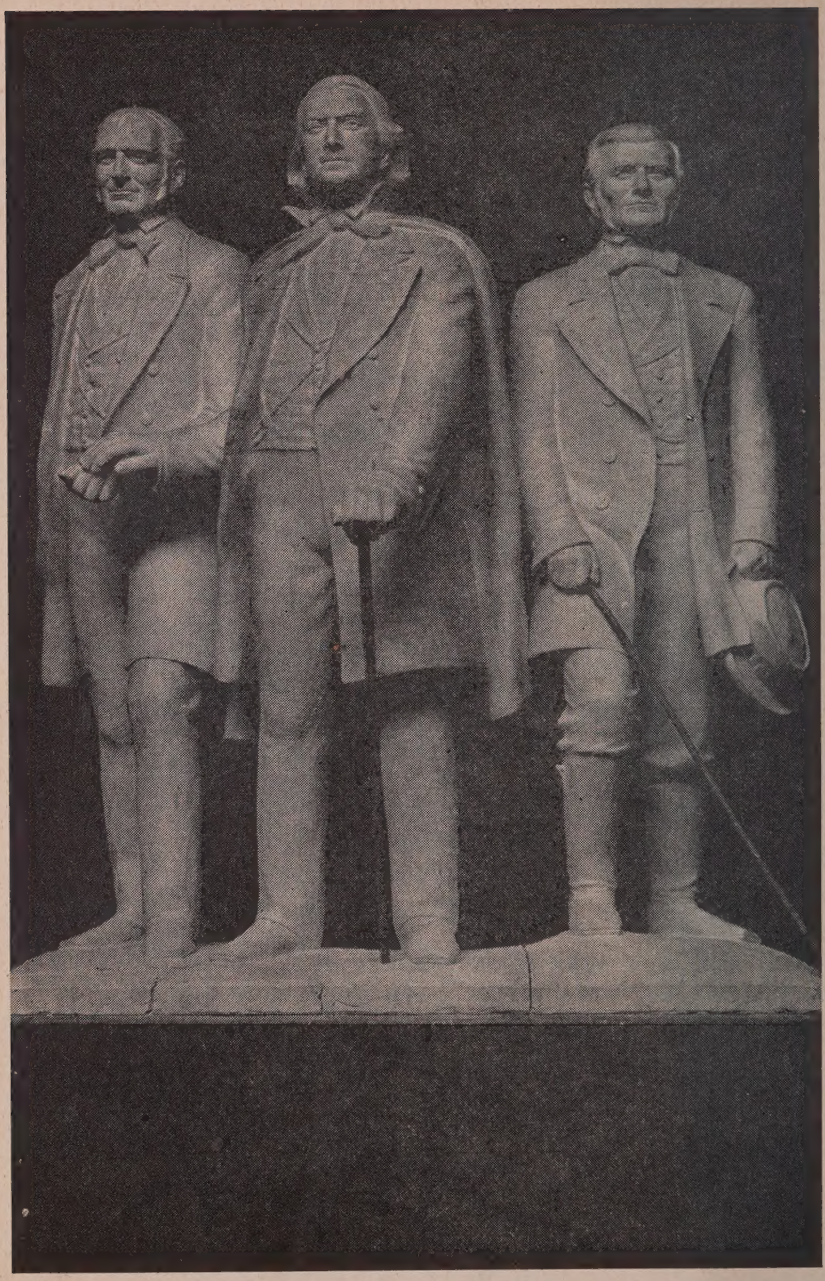
Have you seen the sego lily
Lift her cup upon the hills?
Multiplying willy-nilly,
Catching light the desert spills?

Have you plucked a dainty cluster?
Touched the petals, white and thin?
Thrilled to note translucent luster
Fine as Dresden's porcelain?

Have you heard the simple story
How the segos played a part
In our people's pain and glory?
See! Each wears a purple heart.

Little hillside desert flower,
Take the thanks which you deserve;
In our fathers' saddest hour
Nothing was too small to serve.

The Cover: "Sego Lilies," Photograph by Dr. Walter P. Cottam



CENTRAL FIGURES FROM "THIS IS THE PLACE" MONUMENT
MAHONRI M. YOUNG, SCULPTOR

The figures, left to right, represent Heber C. Kimball, Brigham Young, and Wilford Woodruff, leaders of the "Camps of Israel."

Mahonri M. Young, Sculptor of "This Is the Place" Monument

Elder Levi Edgar Young

President, First Council of Seventy and President, Utah State Historical Society

TO create a noble memorial of a great event in history is an enduring triumph to the soul of an artist. The supreme masterpiece of the work of Mahonri M. Young is his "This Is the Place" Monument, which will be unveiled on the Twenty-fourth of July of this year.

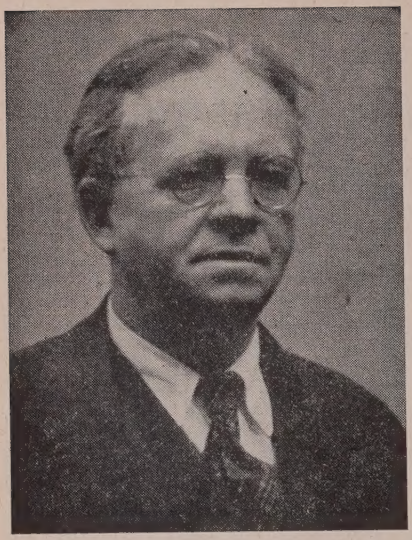
The conscience and soul of the American Nation have been kept living and chastened by the movements of pioneers into the unknown West since the time when Thomas Hooker, in 1636, took his group of people from Plymouth into a far western territory which became known as the colony of Connecticut. In the beginning of the nineteenth century, when the American pioneers moved farther westward, there was always a rebirth of national conscience, the conquest of the soil, and the building of cities and schools.

The monument to the pioneers is a beautiful memorial, the fine qualities of which can scarcely be better described than by the words of Paul Cret:

> In a memorial the end to be achieved, primarily, is the perpetuation of the memory of a great man or a great event to future generations. This object being granted, it follows that permanency and a clear and arresting expression of the commemorative idea are essential to the programme, and the most appropriate memorial is that which may best withstand the changes of the centuries, and by the beauty and dignity of its design arouse to the attention and respect the heedless mind of the wayfarer and that of the wayfarer still to come.

Mahonri Young was born in the Twentieth Ward of Salt Lake City, August 7, 1877. His father, after whom Mahonri was named, was a son of President Brigham Young. His mother was Agnes MacIntosh, born of a distinguished pioneer family who migrated to Utah in 1849. He had little formal scholastic training, but his interpretation of external life was at once his strength and enduring power. The habits, tastes, and associations of his youth have swayed him through his life. As he sat on the banks of the little creek which flowed past his home in his boyhood days, he laughed and talked with his companions—Lee Greene Richards, Alma Wright, and Jack Sears, all of whom gave vibrant expression to youthful dreams of life.

Born of upright, self-respecting parents, he always preferred the companionship of workers to that of men of leisure. The first subjects that he did in sculpture were men who had strength of body and mind, and nothing appealed to him so much as men of rich spirituality. To this day, he is warm-hearted, generous to a fault, lavish on anything connected with his work, simple in tastes and habits of life, affectionate, and home-loving. He has been a pro-



MAHONRI M. YOUNG

found student of the Bible, and his knowledge of the world's best literature has won him friends from among professional men, doctors, and theologians of different sects and religions.

MAHONRI YOUNG is acknowledged to be one of the greatest sculptors of our day. He acquired his technical training in Paris at the Institute and Ecole des Beaux Arts after having studied in New York where he went when he was twenty-two years of age, and came under the influence of such men as Saint-Gaudens and Daniel French.

During his student years, he was particularly interested in men as they labored in construction gangs, and he made innumerable bronzes and etchings of men at work. Studies in bronze of boxers are other works of his earlier period. Examples of Mr. Young's sculptures are in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where his bronzes "Stevedore" and "Man with a Pick" are on display. "A Laborer" and "The Rigger" are in the Free Public Library of Newark, New Jersey. For the Museum of Natural History in New York, he made the Hopi, Apache, and Navajo groups.

His many notebooks of etchings and drawings fill several shelves in his library, and tell us much about his intensity of perception, and the extraordinary feeling and sympathy which characterize his work.

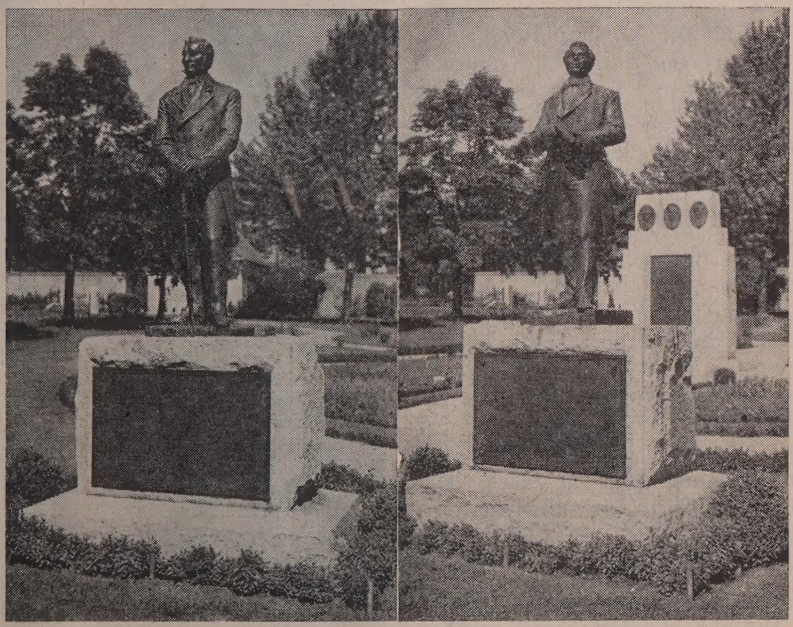
He has been awarded highest honors throughout this country, in Paris, Buenos Aires, and Panama. His famous "Monument to the Dead" is in Paris. He is a member of the National Academy, the Society of American Etchers, the New York Water Color Society, the Institute of Fine Arts and Letters, the National Arts Club, and the Century Club of New York City.

In the flower garden of Temple Square in Salt Lake City, are two of his finest creations. They are Joseph Smith, the Mormon Phophet, and his brother Hyrum, both life-size, on granite pedestals. The figures are bathed in the soft light of surrounding shadows of trees and flowers, giving them a beautiful setting. The Prophet stands with book in hand, ready to tell about the sacred scriptures, which explain the holiness of the gospel of Jesus Christ. His face is resolute, yet there is an expression of hallowed thought. Both men stand with a dignity of true greatness. The spiritual aroma of Hyrum's features, his expressive face of deep humility and simple faith, seem to give a feeling of praying as he looks into the light of a new day.

They are rich and noble compositions with certain enduring qualities showing two men serving their God.

Across the lawn in front of the Assembly Hall, a building of unique architectural beauty, is the Sea Gull Monument, one of the first creations of the sculptor to commemorate a miraculous event in Utah's history.

The people of Utah have reason for loving the gulls. In the spring of 1848, hundreds of acres of wheat had been planted in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake. The prospects were good for a bountiful harvest, and the people were happy in the realization that their starving days would soon be over. The plowing and planting had been done with care, and with the sunshiny days of spring, the fields looked beautiful. To the south and east of Salt Lake City, fruitful gardens and grain fields had replaced the sagebrush land. A large number of immigrants were expected during the summer months, and the people were making preparations to receive them. Some had arrived in the spring, and their souls were touched with gladness as they looked for the first time upon the "Land of Promise." It had been decided to gather into a storehouse enough wheat to provide for the immigrants who were expected during the autumn. The people always thought of the welfare of one another. If one band of immigrants had plenty, they were ready to share with others.



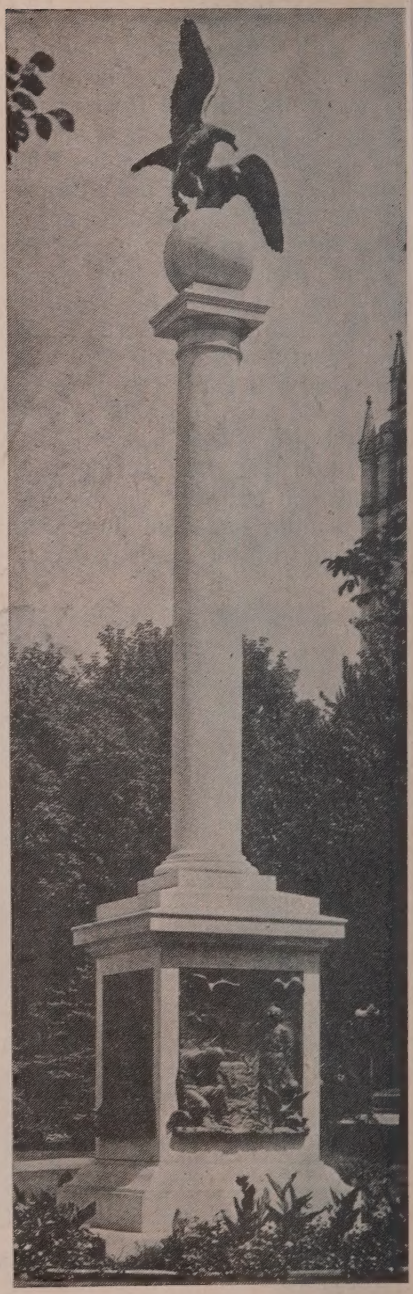
STATUES OF PATRIARCH HYRUM SMITH (LEFT) AND THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH (RIGHT), TEMPLE SQUARE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH
Mahonri M. Young, Sculptor

IT was during the latter part of the month of May, 1848, that crickets began to destroy the wheat fields far and wide. At first little thought was given to the pest, but, within a few days, a devouring horde swept down upon the Valley, eating everything before them, leaving neither blade nor leaf. Bancroft, the historian, says:

> Men, women, and children turned out en masse to combat the pest, driving them into ditches or upon piles of reeds, which they would set on fire, striving in every way, until their strength was exhausted, to beat back the devouring host.

The crickets increased alarmingly every day. The people prayed and fasted for they had great faith as they begged their God for help. Many hundreds of immigrants were on the plains between the Rocky Mountains and the Missouri River, and were expected during the summer. One company had reached Fort Bridger, and was told by messengers of the terrible plight in the Valley.

Then a miracle happened. There came from the islands of the Great Salt Lake the gulls—myriads of these strange, snow-white birds, with wild cries—winging their way. A new fear arose in the hearts of the people as they saw the birds settling down upon the fields—a fear that another foe had come to complete the destruction of the growing grain. Great was their joy when they saw the gulls pounce upon the black crickets and begin to gorge themselves so ravenously that the birds, over-



THE SEA GULL MONUMENT, TEMPLE SQUARE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH
Mahonri M. Young, Sculptor

stuffed by their rapid and heavy feeding, would regurgitate their spoil, and then continue devouring the pest. Men and women gazed in amazement upon the birds and their beneficent work. God had answered their prayers. For days the destruction went on, then the winged deliverers, having destroyed the plague, quietly flew back to their island homes in the bosom of the Great Salt Lake. The people had been saved from starvation.

On Wednesday, October 1, 1913, the beautiful monument in honor of the gulls was unveiled in Salt Lake City. The monument consists of a granite pedestal, upon which rests a graceful column over sixteen feet high, on the top of which is a large granite ball. Upon this, gulls are gently alighting. The birds are done in bronze, covered with gold leaf, and the group weighs nearly five hundred pounds. Around the foot of the pedestal is a beautiful fountain about thirty feet in diameter and in the water swim hundreds of goldfish. On each of three sides of the pedestal is a bronze plaque picturing a scene in the Valley during those pioneer days.

The first relief shows the beginning of agriculture in the arid West. The desert is dry and parched. From the sagebrush run lizards and horned toads. A camp has been made, and a woman, the ever-constant companion of man, is preparing the noonday meal. The figures are aglow with warm, pulsating life. Oxen are plunging ahead with plow, while the man guides them, and the boy urges them on with lash and word. Determination marks the faces of the figures, and the charm of the bronze relief is in the vivid impression it conveys. They must not hesitate. The virgin soil must be reclaimed. Wheat must be sown and potatoes planted. The oxen partake of the spirit of the people, for they bend hard to their yokes, as they tug at the plow. An Indian sits by watching the work, and on his face is a look of wonderment. He will know again the use of the virgin soil, as did his forefathers. It is savagery meeting civilization in the wilderness. The entire ensemble gives one the feeling of faith, work, and hope.

The second relief tells a dramatic story. Crickets are devouring the wheat fields. Hundreds of acres have been wasted. Men, women, and children have fought for days to destroy the pest but to no avail. A man is sitting with bowed head. His agonizing prayer has been heard, but he is fatigued with the work and worry of many days and nights. Near him is a woman holding a little child by the hand. There is a simple unconscious grace to the figure, and her appearance is symbolic of maternal purity. She stands in majestic silence, and on her face is a look of supreme faith in God. It is of such women that Benjamin Ide Wheeler once wrote:

> Over rude paths beset with hunger and risk, she passed on toward the vision of a better country. To an assemblage of men busy with the perishable rewards of the day, she brought the three-fold leaven of enduring society—faith, gentleness, and home with the nurture of children.

The third bronze shows the harvest days. The wheat fields have been saved, and the people shall have bread. They praise God for their deliverance. The whole relief exhales a spirituality very beautiful.

One senses the protective grace of the Almighty, who has a far greater work for these children of the wilderness to do. The gulls are the saviors, and the destiny of the colony is assured by a miracle. Children play for joy, and the entire scene is resonant of sunshine. The fundamental industry of their new colony will be agriculture—the beautifying of the land and making it productive and useful. The men have conquered the elements, and God has sent them his blessings and help in time of sore distress.

The fourth tablet, on the north, reads:

"SEA GULL MONUMENT ERECTED IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF THE MERCY OF GOD TO THE MORMON PIONEERS"

This memorial has won more admirers than perhaps any other of the sculptor's work. It conveys a human story with such precision and tender sincerity that all can read it and few can fail to be affected.

IN his etchings and drawings, we may study the character of the artist. His intensity of perception is shown in the drawing of the first school in Utah, taught by Mary Jane Dilworth. In it one notes the extraordinary feeling and sympathy for his subject. The school was held in a tent shaped like an ordinary Indian wigwam. Rough logs were used for seats and the teacher's desk was a camp stool, which had been brought across the plains from Winter Quarters. A description of the school comes down to us in the memoirs of Maria Nebeker, a sister of Mary Jane. She writes:

I attended the first school in Utah taught by my sister Mary Jane. The school was opened just three weeks after our arrival in the valley. I remember Mary Jane saying to us: "Come children, come. We will begin now." We entered the tent, sat down on the logs and one of the brethren offered prayer.

In the simple drawing we see the enduring genius of youth ever struggling to learn. It is a scene of everyday life, of tender expression. The boy with bowed head is listening to the opening prayer.

On the building of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, at First South and State Streets, Salt Lake City, is a plaque made by Mr. Young of the old Salt Lake Theatre which has been demolished. Significantly beautiful, it shows the people of the sixties entering the playhouse. The women wear hoop skirts, the men frock coats. In front are the horse carriages and cabs used seventy years ago. The sculptor has preserved the spirit of the old playhouse and on the plaque are these words of Thomas Moore:

Long, long be my heart
with such memories filled,
Like the vase in which roses
have once been distilled,
You may break, you may shatter
the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses
will hang round it still.

THE "This Is the Place" Monument, to be unveiled on the Twenty-fourth of July, will be one of the largest of its kind in the United States. Placed at the mouth of Emigration Canyon, the setting of the monument with the hills and mountains as a background, gives a feeling of its majesty amid the

PLAQUE FROM THE SEA GULL MONUMENT, TEMPLE SQUARE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, MAHONRI M. YOUNG, SCULPTOR

THE JOHN PACK HOME, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Sketch by Mahonri M. Young

In this building the first sessions of the University of Deseret were held.

spaciousness of earth and sky. The base is of granite from the Cottonwood quarries, and upon it will be mounted the bronze groups of the figures and mammoth bronze panels in bas-relief. Nearly one hundred bronze portraits of heroic proportions retell the history of the settlement of Utah and the West.

In bronze relief on the west side of the base, the sculptor portrays the covered wagons, the horsemen, the children, the cattle, and the dogs who followed in the train of the pioneers. On its east face there are six portrait statues of famous trail breakers, Kit Carson, General John C. Fremont, Captain Bonneville, Father de Smet, Peter Skeene Ogden, and the Indian Chief Washakie. Washakie was the chief of the Shoshone tribe and became a great friend of President Young. During his reign, not a single white man was molested by an Indian in his territory.

At opposite ends of the monument stand two life-size groups, one depicting the Spanish missionaries who passed through what is now Utah, in 1776, with Father Escalante. The other shows the group of explorers and trappers who trekked over the land in 1825 under the leadership of William Henry Ashley of Virginia. A sixty-foot pylon rises above the center of the monument. At its base are Orson Pratt and Erastus Snow who were sent ahead and who saw the Valley from the mouth of Emigration Canyon, July 21, and who cried out in their ecstasy, "Hosannah! Hosannah! Hosannah!"

Mahonri Young's power to show action in his figures is exemplified

by his large plaque of the Donner party climbing the eastern slope of the Wasatch to the summit of Big Mountain whither they had been directed by Lansford Hastings. There was no trail, nor even a path to follow, nothing but thick underbrush and quaking aspen groves.

From what is now Henefer in Weber Canyon, the party was nearly three weeks reaching the Valley through Emigration Canyon. One notes the overwhelming expression of physical fatigue which the sculptor gives to his men who are helping, as they can, the exhausted oxen. He has given free reign to his imagination. The work is big with fatefulness. The mountain heights must be won. On, on the men tug at the ropes as the oxen bend to their yokes.

At the top of the pylon are the bronze figures of President Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball and Wilford Woodruff. The expression on the face of Brigham Young, as he places his right hand on the arm of Heber C. Kimball, is one of awe and thanksgiving, as he sees the beautiful Valley before him. The three characters are under the spell of the morning light, and they stand there in amazement, chastened, purified, elevated, drawn closer to each other by the realization that they have reached their destination. God had truly led them to the promised land.

Mahonri Young lives in Ridgefield, Conn. He works steadily on

THE DONNER PARTY

Plaque from "This Is the Place" Monument by Mahonri M. Young

The Donner Party, bound for California, left Fort Bridger, Wyoming, July 28, 1846, and passed through Salt Lake Valley. There were eighty-seven people in the company. Thirty-nine perished in the snow of the high Sierras, near Lake Tahoe.

to achieve what he set out to do in his youth. His ideal is to express in art the many fine historic events characteristic of the West. Always looking forward, he moves in a world of exaltation. He loves nature. He is ever studying human nature. He finds in man a power divine, and with ardent faith and warmth of enthusiasm, he makes the divine idea a living reality.

It is his love of work alone, his labor without respite, which gives him joy. As an example of energy, a source of force and beauty, he will always, as long as he lives, be a radiant ideal to follow. An American through and through, depicting the lives of the pioneers to Utah and the far West, he has established himself as an artist who knows the ideals of America, and the influence of those ideals he has worked out in his art. He has truthfully said: "A country which forgets its past history, will never have a future worth remembering."

AS this article concerning the life and work of Mahonri Young goes to press, news reaches us announcing the death of his beloved wife, Dorothy Weir. She, too, was an artist and well known in her native state, Connecticut. Her father, J. Alden Weir, was a famous portrait painter, and his father founded the School of Fine Arts at Yale University. Dorothy Weir was born in the beautiful old home at Ridgefield, and there she had lived all her life, with the exception of times spent in Europe studying art. She was an exceptionally fine water colorist, with a clear, decisive style. After her marriage she and her husband made one of the old barns on the estate into a studio, and there he created the "This Is the Place" Monument, to be unveiled this month of July. She often came to Salt Lake City, where she made many friends.

Her brilliant career was arrested in its meridian by a sudden stroke of fate, for death took her at the moment when Mahonri had attained his triumph after years of hard work. The loveliness of her disposition, the gentleness of her spirit, the radiance of her cheerfulness which she always diffused, will ever be recalled by her many friends and relatives who knew and loved her.

Mahonri's grief will be assuaged by the knowledge of the teachings he received in his boyhood days in the little home on C Street in the Twentieth Ward of Salt Lake City, and by the memory of the many days of serene joy when, in golden afternoons, he and his wife walked in the woods near their home.

With the deep faith he has in God, his soul will rise triumphant over all fears, and he will go on working, and days will unfold to his enraptured gaze the many lovely things that yet must be done. Thousands of his friends in Utah and all over America think of him and send prayers for his comfort. The work appointed Dorothy to do has been done well and beautifully. The Master knows best when to make the call for his children to come home.

Call It a Day

Estelle Webb Thomas

WHEN the early summer dawn began to break, Judith was already carrying water from the spring below the hill. She set the heavy wooden buckets down for a moment when she reached her fence and looked off across the valley. In this sweet, translucent light it was almost too beautiful.

"It's my home!" thought Judith exultantly, and wondered if it were wicked to be so happy. "But they'd want me to be happy," she mused, unlatching the crude gate and picking up the pails, "Sam and all of them."

She poured the water into the copper boiler, only slightly dented by its long trip across the plains, and, setting it on the three blackened stones, began the complicated process of making a fire under it. Gramp usually made the fires, carefully banking them in the wintertime, saving coals for months at a time, and using his flint in the summer; but she particularly wanted Gramp to sleep this morning.

Even as the thought crossed her mind, a terrific booming roar shattered the silence and shook the earth.

"That Tom Planter!" Judith spoke aloud in her vexation, "I knew he'd fire off that old cannon before it had rightly come morning! Why can't he let the little ones and the old ones have their rightful rest? Now I'll never get my wash done and ironed!" She thought ruefully that she would have been well into it now, if she could have carried the water last night, but then it was Sunday, and one could not work on the Sabbath.

It was hard on a body, she reflected, when a Sunday was followed immediately by a holiday and one's family must be spick and span for both occasions, with never a change to their backs! Usually, Judith solved the problem quite simply by laundering Gramp's and the two children's clothing before they were awake mornings, except for Sunday, when the wardrobes were prepared after they were abed Saturday night.

Luckily, she had two dresses, her old linsey-woolsey on which she had learned to weave, and her best brown, dyed with oak bark, for Sundays. Three dresses, to be exact, but she had never worn the sprigged muslin since the day she and Sam were married. It lay now in the bottom of her little rawhide-covered trunk, wrapped in a yellowed old linen sheet of her mother's, with dried lavender tucked in the folds, waiting, perhaps, for little Sabina to become a starry-eyed bride.

She was climbing the hill with her second "turn" of water, when she heard Gramp calling her. "Sairy Ann, Sairy Ann, where in tarnation be ye?"

"Coming, Gramp!" Judith's clear voice was reassuring, and she began hurrying so that some of her precious water slopped out. She answered as readily to "Sairy Ann" as to any other of the half-dozen names Gramp called her. Gramp was ninety-two and likely to confuse Judith, in mo-

ments of stress, with the various women in his past.

He was standing now by her washing fire, clutching a large plaid shawl about his thin shoulders. "Where in tarnation's my shirt?" he greeted her, fretfully, "been huntin' my fool head off and 'taint nowhere!"

"I'm washing it, Gramp! Today's the Twenty-fourth, remember? You have to be nice and clean today!"

"Stuff and nonsense! It was clean yistidy—wasn't yistidy Sunday? Well, then, I never done no work, how in tunket would I git dirty?"

"Well, it wasn't rightly dirty," Judith soothed him, "but today's extra special for you, Gramp. You know you're the chaplain of the day and have to give the oration. Everybody'll be looking at you!"

GRAMP looked instantly mollified, and a pleased, self conscious smile twitched the corners of his toothless mouth. "Well now, I plumb forgot that there oration! Now, why in tunket you s'pose they picked on me? Why don't they git Brother Sweigert? He's a durn sight long windeder 'n what I be!"

"You don't have to be long winded, Gramp!" Judith assured him, quickly, "the poor youngsters nearly starved last time Brother Sweigert orated. You just give them one of your good, lively talks—that's what they want! Better keep off the 'Other Side' in your oration, or they'll think it's a funeral sermon!"

"Never you mind 'T'other Side,'" retorted Gramp, good-naturedly, "when you git as clost to 'T'other Side' as I be, you'll be thinkin' a lot about it, too. Sometimes I can't hardly wait," he went on, to himself, busy with his flint and punk, "seems like I can almost see 'em all troupin' to meet me! Yessir, that'll be a happy day fer me, a happy day!"

Judith and Gramp accomplished miracles in the next few hours. While Judith's washing was flapping on the line, she washed and fed the children, four-year-old Sabina, her dark eyes starry with excitement, and sunny-haired, three-year-old Sammy, happy just to be alive.

Gramp ate with the children, but Judith was far too busy for food. While she pressed the damp clothes with the one heavy, awkward, sadiron, Gramp polished all the shoes. He did this by the simple expedient of turning a stove lid upside down, pouring water into it, and applying the resulting black paste liberally with a rag. When this dried sufficiently to buff with a piece of wooly sheepskin, the sheen rivaled a new stove.

"Whut do the poor souls do that don't have no stove?" he inquired, not expecting nor wanting an answer. "How in thunderation can they polish their shoes on a Dutch oven 'er fireplace? Yes, Judy, you're a lucky girl, an' I'll tell Sammy so soon as I see him on 'T'other Side.' Sammy's the one'll meet me—he wuz allus my favorite, Sam wuz. 'Sammy, you left your wife well fixed,' I'll say, 'if you had to go, it was better you than some shiftless feller, that wouldn't leave nothin.' But why did he have to go?" Gramp interrupted himself, turning a piteous gaze on Judith. "If some of us had to die of cholery on them pesky plains, why couldn't it abeen me?"

Judith had side-stepped that question so often, she answered now almost automatically. "Now, Gramp, the Lord knows who he needs

where. And just what would we do without you—this morning, for instance?"

Presently, they were en route to the Bowery, a leafy roof constructed by the young men for the day's festivities. Friends and neighbors were swarming toward this center from all directions, all in their Sunday best, and Judith in her freshly pressed homespun dress, her dark hair with its coronet of braids curling softly about her temples, her cheeks pink with excitement and haste, felt the old childish thrill a celebration always brought. After all, one cannot grieve always, at twenty-two.

Young Bill Williams had made room for them on the split-log bench beside him, but the Bishop had hustled Gramp up front to be ready for his oration. Judith could feel Bill's blue eyes on her as she gazed off across the green fields. "Those wild roses sure look pretty in your black hair," he whispered as they sat down. "Just match your cheeks!"

"Hush, Bill," Judith murmured, distressed, "Brother Jackson's going to pray!" Brother Jackson's prayer was long and comprehensive, but it was a prayer of thanksgiving and praise, and not a thought of weariness entered the bowed heads during the long petition. Even the children felt the grateful necessity of abundant thanks for this haven.

Bill whispered again, in the gentle rustle that followed Brother Jackson's "Amen," "When you going to let me come see you, Judith? I could—"

"Sh!" Judith knew what he would have said. "I could take good care of you and the children and Gramp." He had said it before. She knew how it hurt Bill to see her working like a man. She knew she could make this new home a veritable heaven for him by giving him the right to care for her and hers. In fact, she knew Bill very well, indeed. It had been "Bill'n Judy" long before dashing Sam Martin and his "Gramp," had joined the saints back in Missouri and won Judith. He had even won Bill, too, for the boys had been friends, in spite of their rivalry, up to the dreary day Bill had helped to lower Sam into his wayside grave. Now, as the audience rose for the second song, he murmured, "Sam would be glad—"

"Yes, Sam—but not Gramp!" Judith took off her slat bonnet and, pretending to use it for a fan, whispered from behind it, "It would break Gramp's heart. Be patient, Bill. We're young!"

Bill smiled. This was the first encouraging word she had given him. Why, it was practically a promise! He could wait now. The audience sat down. Bill never knew what had been sung, but the Bishop was introducing Gramp as the first speaker, and Gramp's quavering voice was saluting them: "My dear brethren and sisters, friends, neighbors, and feller citizens—"

Judith leaned forward, tensely. If only Gramp would stick to the present, or even a recital of the oft-told tale of the journey West! But not Gramp. With despair, she heard him saying, "Well, folks, know what I'm goin to tell 'em when they meet me on 'T'other Side?' I'm goin' to say, 'Friends, if you could see them valleys of the mountains the Prophet led us to, you'd begin to wonder who's in heaven—you or us!' "

* * * *

"JUDITH! Judith Martin!" Sister Merry's troubled face was peering at her from the edge of the Bowery, and Judith's name was being hissed along the row.

"I'll look after the kids," Bill murmured, and Judith slipped out.

"Oh, Judy!" Sister Merry wailed, after they were out of hearing, "a terrible thing has happened!"

Judith paled, and glanced instinctively toward the Bowery, though she had left Gramp and the children but a moment before.

Sister Merry, after an impressive pause, rushed on, "You know Laviny was to sing the solo in the anthem—she's the only one can reach it by a yard. Been practicing for weeks!"

"Yes?" Judith breathed. What had happened to Lavina?

"Well, listen. She was going to wear Aunt Jane's taffeta—you know her changeable she wore to the Governor's ball that time. Well, Aunt Jane never would let her try it on. Simply wouldn't get it out of the trunk. Claimed her and Laviny was the same size and she knew it would fit her, without switching it out."

Judith could hear Gramp enlarging on the glories of the "Other Side" and, suddenly, it was clear to her that he was looking forward far more eagerly to his advent in that bright land than he ever had to the end of the weary trek which had brought them here. How tired he must be! Tears smarted her eyes and she stared blankly at Sister Merry's dramatic, "So there you are!"

"Where?"

It was Sister Merry's turn to stare. "You mean you never heard me? Well, as I say, Aunt Jane wouldn't get her taffeta till the last dog was hung, and what do you s'pose? Every single fold was cracked wide open!"

"Oh, poor Aunt Jane!" exclaimed Judith.

"Oh, poor Laviny, you mean! Been dreaming of wearing that taffeta for a month! Aunt Jane used to boast it could stand alone—was married in it twice and laid both her husbands to rest in it—her wearing it, I mean, not them. Well, as I told her, it'll never stand alone again, but what about poor Laviny? She don't have a second dress to her back!" She hesitated and then, looking Judith squarely in the eyes, demanded, "You know anybody got a dress stored away?"

"No-o, I don't believe—oh, you mean my sprigged muslin? Oh, Sister Merry, I—I—you see, Sam and I—"

"Sister Judith!" Merry was stern, "You going to let a sprigged muslin stand betwixt you and your Maker? For when ye do it unto the least of these—besides the program will be ruined!"

Judith had a wild desire to laugh at this quaint application of scripture, but stifled it and answered quickly, "Of course she must wear it—I didn't realize—send her over to my house and I'll have it shaken out."

The anthem was, luckily, the last number on the morning program, but Tom Planter had rendered encores of "Yankee Doodle," his only tune, three times on his mouth organ, and was clearing his throat for a fourth time, and the Bishop was wiping his brow nervously when Lavina sailed into view, trying to look as if she slipped into a sheer, sprigged muslin every morning of her life.

The delay had been caused by the fact that there was a lot more of

Lavina than of sprigged muslin, especially around the middle. After much agonized effort on the part of both girls, and violent declarations from Lavina that she would wear it if she had to hold her breath till she burst, Judith had dashed across the fields to Grandma Wilkins', and borrowed a kerchief to fill up the gap. Lavina had wept a little at the necessity, but, as Judith pointed out, it was obviously impossible to reach high C while holding one's breath. So now she tossed her head and walked boldly to the front of the Bowery, with the muslin spliced all the way up the front of the basque with Grandma Wilkins' white silk kerchief.

* * * *

GRAMP was in high spirits when Judith, later, served him baked beans and salt rising bread. He had a place of honor at the "long table" where the women's cherished tablecloths were spread out on the grass. He was seated cross-legged near the Bishop, with Sabina and Sammy on each side of him.

Judith squeezed his hand. "You did fine, Gramp!" she whispered.

Gramp smiled happily. "Never dwelt too much on 'T'other Side,' did I, Marthy? Don't recollect if I even mentioned it, but it seems like I look forrard to it like a little boy to Christmas, er Brother Brigham to sayin' 'This Is the Place'—can't help sayin' a little mite once in a while!"

"It's all right, Gramp, it was a fine speech." Judith felt not the slightest qualm of conscience at this statement, though she had not heard the speech.

There were races after dinner, and the Martin family did itself proud. Gramp was winner of the "over-ninety" race, and Sabina runner-up in the four-year-old class. But Sammy went to sleep in his mother's arms in the midst of it all, and so put both of them out of the running. Sunset saw the tireless merry-makers sitting again at the board, with renewed appetite for the beans, mutton, and rice pudding. There was still a night of dancing ahead, and they must keep up their strength. As Judith heaped his plate, Gramp found opportunity to whisper, "Sairy Ann, I guess I done all right. Brother Sweigert told me he couldn't occypied any more time hisself!"

Gramp was calling for the first quadrille when Judith, after putting Sabina and Sammy snugly into a nest of blankets under a tree where other children were already sleeping, joined the laughing group around the hard-packed earthen "dance floor."

"Come on, Judy!" he called, gaily, "Young Bill's been lookin' for a podner! Putty near time for the second set! Swing yore podners to you know where! Now then, young folks, get set lively!"

Old Brother Beeson was scraping his fiddle and Johnny Deere and Ben Brown twanging their Jew's-harps, preparatory to bursting into full volume for the next set. Gramp, his eyes dancing, his foot tapping, was waiting impatiently to start calling again.

"Aren't you getting tired, Gramp?" Judith asked.

"Tired! Stuff and nonsense!" said Gramp, stoutly, "what if I do get tired? Have plenty time to rest on 'T'other Side,' I reckon! There's Bill lookin' for ye agin; now get on and leave me be!"

At last the moon was down and the last bonfire dying to embers. Men began harnessing and saddling horses and mothers gently roused their sleeping children and prepared to end the great day.

Gramp, looking white and frail in the fitful light, appeared at Judith's side. "Hand me Sabiny. Be careful, don't wake her up! I'll tote her."

"Oh, Gramp. No! She's too big! She won't cry! Come on, honey, take hold of Gramp's hand, and Mommy'll carry Sammy!"

But Gramp was obstinate, and with an effort, he lifted the heavy sleeping child. "Guess I'm still man enough—" he panted.

Then Sabina was lifted suddenly and firmly from his trembling arms, and Bill's quiet voice asked, "Any objection to a little help here?" His arm was through his bridle reins, and glancing at his horse, he inquired, "Want to ride, Gramp?"

"Not me! I'll do well to get myself home, without foolin' with some pesky critter!" It was the nearest Gramp had ever come to an admission of weakness and Judith glanced at him anxiously. He saw, or divined, the look, and said hastily, "Now, don't go gettin' ideas in your head, Sairy Ann, and callin' someone with a wagon to tote me home. It's only a skip, hop, and jump! Now, get movin' and leave me be!"

In spite of her anxiety for Gramp, Judith felt an unaccustomed glow at Bill's nearness and quiet strength. They walked along slowly, tempering their pace to suit Gramp's and talking over the day's events.

"You sure gave us a fine speech, Gramp," Bill declared. "Everybody liked it. First time Brother Wallace ever stayed awake through a preaching in his life, I'll bet!"

"Wasted a lot of breath on it," Gramp muttered, but Judith knew he was pleased.

At the cabin, Bill gently placed the sleeping child on Judith's bed and turned to go.

"It's too late to ask you in, but I do thank you," murmured Judith as she laid Sammy beside his sister.

"I'd like to have the right to help you always," he whispered.

Judith followed him out and stood watching while he mounted his horse and rode away. Then with a sigh she turned back into the cabin. To her surprise, it was still dark.

* * * *

"WHAT'S the matter, Gramp, can't you get a light?" she asked, a vague dread sharpening her voice. There was no answer, and starting forward, Judith almost fell over the huddled form on the floor.

The first necessity was for a light and she forced herself to kneel and search Gramp's pockets for his tinderbox. She found it in his hand and gently disengaged it from the nerveless fingers. It seemed an eternity before she finally struck a spark which would ignite the wick of the tallow candle. She stifled a cry at sight of Gramp's waxen face and glazed, half-closed eyes, but Judith had learned self-control the hard way, and she resolutely put grief aside for the moment.

Light and frail as Gramp was, it took all her strength and effort to lift and carry the inert form to his bed in the corner. With immense relief, she saw that he was breathing, although very faintly. She removed his shoes that he had blacked so care-

(*Continued on page 503*)

AUGUSTA WINTERS GRANT, JENNETTE EVANS MCKAY, AND MARTHA JONES BALLARD, AT A MEETING OF THE WIVES OF THE GENERAL AUTHORITIES
April 3, 1947

Birthday Greetings to Sister Augusta Winters Grant

ONE would hardly think, to look at this latest picture of Sister Grant, that the ninety-first anniversary of her birth occurs on July 7 of this year. But such is indeed the case.

There are many reasons why the years have passed lightly over Sister Grant, one of which is exemplified by the accompanying picture. Through the years she has been given love and respect and support by the wives of the General Authorities of the Church.

It was not long after her husband, President Heber J. Grant, became head of the Church that the wife of one of the General Authorities suggested an organization of all the wives, for, said she, "If we become better acquainted and more united we shall strengthen each other in upholding the ideals for which our husbands stand. Thus we shall strengthen them."

This congenial group meets once a month in the historic Lion House where a modest luncheon is served and an informal program is enjoyed.

On April 3, 1947, Sister Ballard, wife of the late Melvin J. Ballard, member of the Quorum of the Twelve, acted as hostess. She chose to make Sister Grant guest of honor on that day.

"In all the years that Sister Grant has been our presiding officer never once has she put herself above us or ever hurt anyone's feelings," said Sister Ballard. "I was her pupil as a young girl and of all the women who ever crossed my path I dreamed of being like her."

Sister Jennette Evans McKay, wife of President David O. McKay, related incidents concerning Sister Grant's pioneer girlhood, her school-teaching days, and her characteristics in later life.

Now, on her ninety-first birthday, Augusta Winters Grant is serene and unafraid, for she views life, not as something detached and apart, but as belonging to a well-defined pattern which will persist.

Pioneer Stories and Incidents

PIONEER WOMEN

President Amy Brown Lyman

[This is the tenth in a series of true pioneer incidents to be published by *The Relief Society Magazine* in honor of the 1947 Utah Centennial celebration.—Ed.]

ONE hundred years ago this month the pioneers entered Salt Lake Valley. With the group of brave and courageous men who entered the Valley, there were nine brave and courageous women. Three of these women had accompanied the original band of pioneers from Winter Quarters, leaving there April 16, 1847, and the other six women were members of the company of Mississippi saints who had wintered in Pueblo, Colorado, and joined the pioneer company on June 1, at Fort Laramie, and journeyed into the Valley with Brigham Young's company.

The three women who journeyed from Winter Quarters were Harriet Page Wheeler Young, age forty-four years, wife of Lorenzo D. Young, who brought with her two children, both boys; Clara Decker Young, age nineteen, her daughter, wife of Brigham Young; and Ellen Sanders Kimball, age twenty-three, wife of Heber C. Kimball. Ellen was a Norwegian, born at Thelemarken, Norway, and she and Hans Christian Hansen were the only Scandinavians in the company.

The six women of the Mississippi Company were Elizabeth Crow, aged fifty-two years, and her five daughters: Martilla Jane Therlkell, who had a small son; Harriet Crow, Elizabeth J. Crow, and Isa Vinda, and Ira Minda Crow, twins.

The Mississippi Company was composed of a group of Latter-day Saints from Monroe County, Mississippi, who, at the request of President Brigham Young, had been organized to accompany the pioneers to Utah. It was expected at that time that the pioneer journey would be made in 1846, and this Southern group was directed to meet them on the plains. The call by the Government on June 26, 1846, for the Mormon Battalion to assist in the Mexican War changed the plans; but the Mississippi saints were already on their way, having left their homes on April 8. When they were a few miles south of Fort Laramie, they met a company from California who told them there were no Mormon companies on the route ahead of them, so, on July 10, they decided to go south to Pueblo for the winter and wait there to hear something definite about the main body of the Church, and there they remained for one year.

On July 29, just five days after President Brigham Young entered the Valley, the number of pioneer women was increased with the arrival of a group of saints from Pueblo, including a number of Mormon Battalion families and the remainder of the Mississippi Company. Outstanding among these wom-

en was Mary Black Brown, wife of Captain James Brown of Mormon Battalion fame. She had married Captain Brown at Council Bluffs on July 16, the day the Government drafted five hundred men for the war with Mexico, and accompanied him on the long, hard journey across the plains. She washed and mended the clothing of the men in her husband's contingent, and when a number of the Battalion were sent to Pueblo under Captain Brown on sick leave, she helped to nurse and care for them there. Her baby girl was born three months after her arrival in Salt Lake Valley. The family of Captain James Brown was the first Mormon pioneer family to settle in Ogden, and here Mary Brown helped in the pioneering of that city. She was known as the first cheese maker in Utah.

* * * *

DURING the summer and autumn of 1847, thirteen companies, made up of 2,095 individuals, entered the Valley (Roberts, *Comprehensive History of the Church*, III:301). Among the interesting women who came that autumn, were Eliza R. Snow, later General President of Relief Society, and M. Isabella Horne, later General Treasurer of Relief Society, whose diaries give interesting glimpses of their experiences. Sister Snow left Winter Quarters June 15, and arrived in Salt Lake Valley October 6.

President Young had made arrangements for Eliza R. Snow to live with his wife Clara Decker Young in her log room eighteen feet square, roofed with willows and earth. In her *Sketch of My Life*, Sister Snow records:

We suffered no inconvenience until the middle of March, when a long storm of snow, sleet, and rain occurred, and then for several days the sun did not make its appearance. Mrs. Clara Young happened to be on a visit to her mother . . . Sally, an Indian girl who had been purchased from a tribe by which she was held captive, was with me. The roof of our dwelling was covered deeper with earth than the adjoining ones, consequently did not leak as soon, and some of my neighbors huddled in for shelter. . . . After they left, Sally wrapped herself in her buffalo robe on the floor, and I spread my umbrella over my head and shoulders as I ensconced myself in bed, the lower part being unshielded, was wet enough before morning. During the night, despite all discomfiture, I laughed involuntarily while alone in the darkness I lay reflecting on the ludicrous scene. The earth overhead being fully saturated, after it commenced to drip, the storm was much worse inside than out, and as the water coursed through the willows and pattered on the floor, washed the stones from the earth above, and they went clink, clink, while the numerous mice which the storm had driven in for shelter, ran squealing back and forth—the Indian girl asleep on the floor, altogether made the situation rather romantic (*Relief Society Magazine*, June 1944, page 314).

Mrs. M. Isabella Horne wrote:

In June, 1847, the saints were organized into companies to follow the pioneers, and I was with the first company that left Winter Quarters. The trials, hardships and privations that the people of God endured on that long and weary journey were great and can only be understood by those who experienced them. . . .

When our pilgrimage was over we found ourselves in a barren waste, inhabited by Indians, Utah. But we were glad to find a resting place where we could worship God without fearing our enemies were coming upon us. The weather was favorable for building, and the brethren immediately began to saw logs and erect small log houses, into which many of us moved, without having either doors, windows, or floors.

Here again there were many difficulties

to overcome. The ground was full of snakes which used to crawl around and into our houses. The timber was so full of bugs that it was years before they were entirely subdued. The mice also were very numerous, running over us by day and night, and destroying considerable clothing, etc., which caused inconvenience and trouble. We were also obliged to live on short rations, digging roots to add to our store, in order to make our supplies last until something could be raised for food. During that winter many of the Mormon Battalion arrived, and we were under the necessity of sharing our food with them. We could put a little grease into a dish with a rag in it to make a light, and parch a little wheat to make a warm drink, but when it came to making soap, we were put to our wit's end to get material to make enough to do our washing.

I well remember the first harvest home we celebrated. Apostle Parley P. Pratt and John Taylor called upon the sisters to prepare a feast. They prepared what food they could from their meagre store and set a long table in the Fort. Although the food was plain and everything was done in a humble way, our hearts flowed with thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father for the blessings conferred upon us. Our table decorations were sheaves of wheat and other things that had been raised. . . .

I can hardly tell today how we did succeed. But the Lord opened our way and blessed us with cheerful, contented spirits and thankful hearts.

Dr. Charles W. Elliott, President of Harvard University, in an address in the Salt Lake Tabernacle on March 17, 1892, paid the following tribute to pioneer women:

Did it ever occur to you what is the most heroic part of planting a colony of people which moves into a wilderness to establish a civilized community? You think, perhaps, it is the soldier, the armed man, or the laboring man. Not so; it is the women who are the most heroic part of any new colony. Their labors are the less because their strength is less. Their anxieties are greater, their dangers greater the risks they run are heavier. We read that story in the history of the Pilgrim and Puritan colonies of Massachusetts. The women died faster than the men; they suffered more. Perhaps their reward was greater, too. They bore children to the colony. Let us bear in our hearts veneration for the women of any Christian folk going out in the wilderness to plant a new community (*Deseret Evening News*, March 17, 1892).

PIONEER WOMAN

Alice Morrey Bailey

They say she wept when first she saw the land
That swept unbroken to the salten sea,
The unfenced sage, the single cedar tree—
The shimmering heat strained taut the last frail strand
Of her endurance. Wagon-choking sand
Seemed bitter lot—too hard the stern decree
Of wilderness—too close in memory
The empty homes of this long-driven band.

Yet, pulse with his, she caught each growing surge
Of hope, and stretched her courage famine-thin
To bear new life, to span the cricket scourge.
She bent her strength to nourish, teach, and spin,
And made her faith in God a moving stream
To gird the spires and temples of man's dream.

The Arts Section of the Utah Centennial Celebration

Gail Martin

Art Show Supervisor, Utah Centennial Commission

WHEN the Mormon pioneers entered Salt Lake Valley, they brought with them a spiritual belief for which they were willing to endure exile. But they also brought with them the seeds of culture, a way of life, which they nurtured throughout years of uncertainty, poverty, and hardship.

In planning the Centennial celebration of the Utah pioneers, members of the Centennial Commission have tried to keep this thought constantly before them. That is why the program of the arts division has been given such prominence; that is why the Utah Symphony, presentations of drama, and the production of "Blossomtime" have been sent on State-wide tours, and the great music festival of the California-Western Music Educators Conference spon-

"SHADOWS OF EVENING" BY ROCKWELL KENT (1921)

From the Collection of Whitney Museum of American Art

sored.

The members of the Centennial Commission have endorsed a plan which they hope will allow more people in more places, even the most remote, to hear more music, see more plays, and attend more art shows than would have been possible if there had been no Centennial celebration.

But rich and varied as the artistic fare has been, the best is yet to come. As a climax to the whole Centennial celebration program, the arts division will offer, beginning in late June and ending in August, the following cultural events:

The stirring music drama "Promised Valley" will be produced, beginning July 21, in the new Centennial open-air theater at the University of Utah, with a full symphony orchestra and a company of 125 actors, singers, and dancers on a new stage equipped with a modern stereophonic sound system, and special scenery and lighting effects. The Centennial Symphony Orchestra of sixty-five musicians will provide musical accompaniment for the chorus, the dancers, and the soloists. Crawford Gates, twenty-five-year-old composer, whose four great-grandfathers were all Utah pioneers, has written the musical score. Dr. C. Lowell Lees, head of the department of speech and drama at the University of Utah, is general director.

The American Federation of Arts exhibit, "One Hundred Years of American Painting," a collection of 125 paintings from the Metropolitan

"ON THE TOWPATH—A HALT" BY THEODORE ROBINSON (1852-1896)

From the Collection of Whitney Museum of American Art

and Whitney Art museums, New York City, will be presented during July as part of the Centennial Exposition at the Utah State Fair grounds. This exhibit undoubtedly comprises the most valuable and significant collection of works by American artists ever presented in the Intermountain Region. Among the artists presented will be: James A. McNeill Whistler, Winslow Homer, Frederick Remington, John Singer Sargeant, Thomas Eakins, George Inness, Albert P. Ryder, Rockwell Kent, Theodore Robinson, and many others.

A series of five Sunday evening concerts will be given by the Tabernacle Choir, directed by J. Spencer Cornwall. Two of these evenings will be devoted to the oratorios—Haydn's "Creation" and Mendelssohn's "Elijah." One Sunday evening will be "Opera Night," and the other "Utah Night." Guest artists of outstanding talent have been engaged for this series.

Dr. Lorin F. Wheelwright, production manager, arts division, Utah Centennial Commission, said recently:

> This ambitious program should supply a stirring close for Utah's first Centennial celebration. It should testify that we are striving to be worthy of our past. It should demonstrate to the world that the present generation of Utahns does not undervalue the priceless heritage bequeathed to us by our progenitors.

LITTLE PIONEERS

Ethel Van Hook Hopper

What did the little children do
Along the weary way?
As wagons rolled across the plains,
They could not run and play.

They watched the sky, the tall wild grass.
They called it waves at sea;
They played the wagon was a ship;
The wind was blowing free.

At last, the queer bark anchored fast;
The children ran about,
So glad to feed the tired animals,
To build the fires . . . and shout.

When quiet night came down at last,
They sang sweet songs, we know,
Cheering the ones about the fire
In the evenings long ago.

Pioneer Gardenmaking

Hazel D. Moyle

ONE of the thrills of the Centennial celebration comes when we travel to that historic spot where the pioneers first gazed out over the Salt Lake Valley; where their beloved leader uttered those famous words, "This Is the Place," now marked by a magnificent monument to commemorate this important event.

As we look out over this lovely panorama that now greets the eye from this vantage point—a valley filled with beautiful homes shaded by a veritable forest of rich green—our thoughts naturally turn to the scene as it was on that historic day just one hundred years ago. How did it appear to that footsore and weary band when they first gazed out over the new promised land?

We are told that the pioneers were awed and thrilled by the inspiring scene, with its towering mountains, its vast sweep, and its glittering lake. Yet historians also record that the women of the party were dismayed at the very immensity of the place, at its boundless silences and wide stretches of barren soil, the gray unbroken sage. The silence of centuries hung over all, for the few trappers and explorers who had ventured into the Valley had left no trace of their coming or going.

In speaking of those first days in the new land in later years, Clara D. Young, one of the original pioneers, declared: "I don't remember a single tree that could be called by that name." Small wonder that the courageous hearts of those brave women quailed at the thought of making a home in this vast and lonely place.

But soon the long unbroken silences were disturbed by new sounds of feverish activity—the plow as it turned the furrows and the shovels that diverted the mountain streams to the thirsty soil. Ere long the music of the hammer, the axe, and the saw resounded through the Valley as the indefatigable pioneers labored to provide shelter and food. History now gives those first few years a place as one of the greatest of human struggles against adversity, for from it emerged, in but a few short seasons, a real transformation. A bustling and prosperous new community arose from the desert, with wide and orderly streets shaded by beautiful trees. Neat and charming homes were set off and made beautiful by orchards and gardens. Visitors and travelers were astonished to find such peaceful and ordered beauty in this raw new country—so entirely different from the usual frontier community.

How was this transformation achieved so quickly in this far and isolated western country?

The answer lies in the high purposes of the pioneers. They were not seeking adventure or wealth, but were a people motivated by a single dream, by a deep abiding hunger for peaceful homes and the right to worship God unmolested. And so they worked together to make those dreams a reality.

WITH converts from all walks of life constantly arriving from many parts of Europe, as well as from all sections of our own country, the city soon reflected the finest traditions of culture in the new homes as they were built. The architecture of these early pioneer homes has been declared classic by many famous modern designers.

The plantings about those old homes were also in the traditional style, due, in some measure, to a number of the early pioneer gardeners who had been trained in some of the great garden estates of England and Germany. Their skill was naturally employed in beautifying the new community. The majority of the gardens were of the simple cottage type, made up of plants grown from slips and starts of old, well-loved plants brought from former homes.

Incredible as it might seem to the pampered gardener of today, many of these first plants and slips crossed the plains in the covered wagons along with all the worldly possessions of many pioneer flower lovers. Our amazing pioneer grandmothers could face all the dangers and privations of building a new civilization in a wilderness, yet they cherished and knew the value of a flower. Many of them lovingly cared for

Photograph, Courtesy Hazel D. Moyle

MRS. HANNAH M. FOWLKS, EARLY PIONEER OF THE COTTONWOOD DISTRICT IN SALT LAKE COUNTY, SHOWN IN HER GARDEN AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY YEARS

small slips and starts of favorite plants on that long journey, and carefully nursed them into growing in the strange new location. Rare old rose varieties, shrubs, bulbs, and even trees are still persisting in many Utah gardens and are proudly cherished because their ancestors traveled across the plains in those early days.

Conspicuous among these flower-loving pioneers was Sister Hannah M. Fowlks, a native of England, who was one of the early settlers of the Cottonwood district in Salt Lake County. Sister Fowlks nearly achieved the impossible when she came to Utah by bringing on that long, tiresome journey several plants of the English primrose.

Anyone who has grown this sweet flower of spring will realize what a feat of steadfast devotion and patience this must have been, for the primrose demands constant moisture, coolness, and protection from drying winds and sun. It has a disconcerting habit of suddenly dying off if these wants are not provided. Yet Sister Fowlks was able to bring her plants safely here, and to keep them happy and growing in her new home, which, at first, was a rude log cabin entirely surrounded by sagebrush.

WATER to keep her plants growing was carried in buckets from a stream some distance away, yet she established a flourishing garden with her beloved primroses and other plants. Soon she had a better home and a large garden where such treasured plants as the old Maiden's Blush rose, the tea rose, yellow buttercups, daffodils, violas, and other old favorites grew. The primroses responded to her love and devotion by increasing until they grew in all parts of the place, even along the ditch-banks in her orchard.

The poet speaks of a man to whom:

> A yellow primrose by a river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more . . . .
>
> —William Wordsworth

But to Sister Fowlks, and, it seems, to most English-born people, this flower breathes the very spirit of the English countryside, its verdant green lanes and flowery meadows, for it grows wild in many parts of that country.

It was the writer's privilege to visit Sister Fowlks' dear old garden more than seventy years after its beginning, and it was still sweet and gay with primroses, all descendants of those first pioneering plants. Over all these years Sister Fowlks had shared her flowers with neighbors and friends, providing blooms for "weddings or a festival, a mourning, or a funeral."

Many a bride's cake was crowned with sweet white rosebuds from her garden, but perhaps her greatest pleasure was that of providing a beautiful bouquet of flowers to grace the speaker's stand each Sunday at the Cottonwood Ward chapel. She performed this service faithfully every Sunday from the time the ward was organized until shortly before she passed away in 1935 at the grand old age of ninety-three.

Yes, indeed, flowers played an important part in early pioneer life of Utah.

A Place in the Country

III—WATER

Ruby Scranton Jones

[This is the third in a series of five short-short stories.—Ed.]

AS Ellen Martin washed the supper dishes, she looked out the window and saw her husband talking to Mr. Hawkins, their neighbor on the north. When he came in, John said, "It's our turn to irrigate at eleven tonight. Mr. Hawkins says he'll turn the water in when his time is up. He's been taking care of this place, you know."

"But John! Eleven! How can you see to do it at night?" Ellen objected.

"Oh, I'll take that old lantern I found in the garage." John sat down and rested his arms on the table. Ellen noticed how tired his eyes looked. She thought he was even thinner than when they came.

"You can't do it," she said positively. "You were too tired to eat your supper after working on that fence all day. Let it go."

"I can't do that," John answered, just as positively. "We get the water only two hours in about two weeks and you know how dry the orchard is. It's just one of those things that every farmer expects."

"Then I'll do it." Ellen hung the dish towel on the rope stretched over the stove. "You can tell me how."

"No!" John got up and started for the door. "I won't have my wife doing man's work. You do far too much as it is."

"Nonsense." Ellen caught John's arm and pulled him back to the chair. "Every farm woman expects to help out wherever she's needed. I'll get the lantern and fill it."

After the children were in bed, John wearily explained the little he knew about irrigation. "And do see that those peach trees back of the garage get plenty. I've an idea they'll bring in more than all the other trees put together. And we're sure going to need that fruit money." When Ellen was lighting the lantern, he added, "You'd better take your sweater. There's a cool breeze at night."

So, wearing her oldest shoes and sweater and carrying the lantern and the hoe, Ellen started out. Immediately swarms of mosquitoes circled around her head and settled on every exposed bit of flesh. She could even feel them bite through her heavy cotton stockings. She pulled the sweater up around her neck and buttoned it, even though she was already too warm. She was glad John had not thought about mosquitoes or he would have made even more objections.

As she reached the far corner of their place where the water came in from the canal, she saw dark streaks down the first two ditches. In stepping over one of these she slipped and sank into mud over her ankles.

She set down the lantern, pulled her feet free, and started to direct the water with the hoe.

When she stopped a moment to brush off the mosquitoes, she noticed how dark it was. The light at Hawkins' had gone out soon after she had started. She turned toward her own house. It was dark, too, so John must have gone to bed. She had never been out in the dark like this before, and she began to feel a little nervous. In town when she had been out at night, there had been street lights and auto lights. She looked around. There was not a light anywhere—not a sound. It couldn't be much different if she were all alone in the world, she thought. But she musn't waste time. She picked up the lantern and started over to the next ditch.

Suddenly, she heard a crunching sound and saw a huge dark shape by the fence. Without a second look, she started to run toward the house. But she stumbled on the uneven ground and fell flat, throwing the lantern before her. It went out, and as she quickly scrambled to her feet, she remembered she had brought no matches.

She looked back. The moon was just coming up over the distant mountains. The dark shape was in the same place and now she heard a low "moo." It was only a cow, she concluded, and, anyway, it couldn't get through the fence. How silly of her. She left the lantern and went back. She knew she would soon be able to see better without it.

WHEN she was about half done, she sat down on the ground to rest awhile and rub the welts that were rising all over her legs and face. She looked towards the nearest tree and saw eyes gleaming from the shadows. All the stories she had heard of coyotes, wolves, and pumas flashed through her mind. But this time she picked up the hoe and advanced, thinking nothing much worse could happen to her anyway. She heard a friendly "meow," and laughed out loud as she reached down. A dog howled in the distance and the cat disappeared.

At last she was ready to water the peach trees. When she turned the water that way, she noticed that it wasn't flowing so freely. Soon it stopped altogether. She walked back along the main ditch and saw a man with a flashlight at the canal gate. He was shutting off her water.

"I'm not through," Ellen called indignantly. "I haven't watered the last row."

The man turned the flashlight on her face as he said gruffly, "I can't help that, sister. Your time's up."

Ellen had to turn away from the light. She couldn't see the man at all, but she knew it must be Mr. Ford from the farm to the south. What was it she had heard about Mr. Ford anyway?

"I've got to have more water." Ellen was really angry now.

"Well, you can't. Don't you know people have been shot for taking water out of turn?"

"I don't believe it. That's just silly."

"Try it and see." The man laughed harshly, and then Ellen remembered the story about a fight over water a year ago.

As he followed the canal to his place, Ellen noticed how big he was.

"Just a bully," she muttered and started back to the house. "I didn't suppose country people would be like that."

Her anger made her hot, and the heat made the mosquito bites sting. She got a pan of water and washed her muddy feet. Then she rubbed salt on the bites. She thought she had never been so miserable in her life.

When she went to the bedroom John asked sleepily, "How did you make out?"

"Fine, just fine," she answered as she crawled into bed. She certainly wasn't going to tell John how impolite that man had been. After all, he was a neighbor and they'd have to get along with him.

She tried to lie still and not scratch the bites. Tomorrow she'd pump water from the well and carry it to the peach trees. Next time she'd take John's watch and keep track of the time. If she didn't let cows and cats and the dark bother her, she would do better.

And so, finally, she fell asleep.

(To be continued)

COVERED WAGONS

Beatrice Rordame Parsons

When the sun sweeps up from the valley floor,
And sinks along the lake's vast shore,
We see the men who are holding the reins,
Of the covered wagons that crossed the plains.

Their faces are grim as they hurry along,
But they stop at dusk with a rousing song,
And weary oxen lower their heads,
While silent women make up the beds.

The sparks burn out from the campfires bright;
Beside their families the men sleep light,
Aware of a storm, or an Indian raid,
But deep in their hearts they are not afraid.

Their bodies are strong with a dream they know,
A home, a place for their loved ones to go,
A spot to worship as God may commend,
That's the promise which lives at the journey's end.

Their courage has given to us this space,
Where cities mingle a garden's grace,
And though covered wagons will roll no more,
Their ghosts still crowd at the cottage door.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, July 1, and July 15, 1887

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

TIMELY REFLECTIONS: Aslant the misty morning air, through glittering circlets of rainbow hue, comes the glorious orb of day peeping o'er yon snow-capped mountain peak, casting its brilliant sheen o'er the teeming valley below, where myriads of happy songsters are pouring forth their glad welcome in a grand concert of tuneful melody. . . . My spirit gathers renewed strength and buoyancy, and from my inmost soul springs forth an anthem of thanksgiving and praise for my birthplace, Zion, in whose development and progress my greatest desires are centered.—Sun Flower.

FROM ONEIDA STAKE, IDAHO: We should be kind to each other, and especially to those who are left to provide for their families without the aid of father or husband. . . . We should be very wise in counseling our children, for they are our hope and our all. . . . Mothers, I say to you all, read good books. . . . You should guard against all things which are injurious to your health. Do not neglect your duties in the Relief Society for your work; if you wait for the time when you have nothing to do, you will never go, for a mother's work is never done.—Counselor Mary Hawkes, from her address at stake conference.

LET US WORSHIP GOD

Let us worship God on the mountains,
In the valley, on the hill,
Where the wild, free harps of nature
With the grandest music thrill,
Let us worship him with singing,
And with the voice of prayer,
And, as he is ever present,
Let us worship everywhere.

—Belle Bush

A FEW THOUGHTS: How like the olden times is the present. Then it was a band of Pilgrims fleeing from arbitrary rule. . . . How like to the little band of saints who left their homes in the East, driven from state to state . . . . and when, after surmounting untold difficulties, braving a thousand dangers, and suffering the pangs of hunger and sickness, they found a home in these mountains, and with their love of liberty unfurled the stars and stripes to the breeze, and pledged their lives, their honor, their all to defend it. What a noble band! . . . . And now we have made the Valley to blossom as the rose, and the barren waste a fruitful field. . . . We, like the Pilgrim Fathers, put our trust in the Supreme Ruler, knowing he will defend our rights and deal out justice and equity to all. We know that God lives and that he has revealed himself to man in this day, and we know we have seen his power made manifest, and make bold to declare it to all nations.—S. A. Fullmer.

OUR RULERS: I always prefer and would vote for those rulers who obey God and keep His commandments. I feel at home in their presence because I know what to expect from them.—M. E. Kimball.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

REPRESENTING the three women in the original band of Utah pioneers, Mrs. Acel Richardson (Nora P.), Mrs. Richard Keddington (Dorothy Kimball), and Mrs. Byron Waldram (Norma Williams) will accompany their husbands on the Sons of the Utah Pioneers trek. Charming and talented, all three are of Utah pioneer stock. The 143 men, three women, and two children, simulating the first company, will leave Nauvoo, July 14, 1947 in seventy-two cars with covered wagon tops and ply-board oxen. Camping in the open at historic sites, they will enjoy programs of dramatizations, addresses, and singing, and will enter the Valley, July 22, as did the vanguard pioneers in 1847.

CHOSEN by three out-of-state judges, from among all the queens representing the various counties of Utah, Centennial Queen Calleen Robinson, brunette from American Fork, and her maids, red-haired Marie Burnett from Salt Lake City and blonde Mary Louise Gardner from Spanish Fork, will ride in the magnificent Centennial float on July 24th. The parade will climax months of strenuous activities for the Utah beauties.

MRS. LAWRENCE GOLD, born Ruth Knowles Emerton, of Logan, was chosen Daughters of Utah Pioneers Queen Mother, by the Salt Lake County Daughters, and will ride in state in the parade on July Twenty-fourth. In ten years of married life, Mrs. Gold has borne seven beautiful children. She is efficient and talented and loves her work as mother and homemaker.

THE Golden Rule Foundation chose as American Mother of the Year, Mrs. Frederick G. Murray of Iowa, seventy-two, author, lecturer, and mother of five children. Utah State Committee of the Foundation chose Mrs. Wilford Woodruff Richards of Logan, born Emily Randall, as Utah State Mother. Left a widow, she reared twelve children. All have been well educated and some are professional musicians. Mrs. Richards has been active in M.I.A., Relief Society, and Primary Association work, and as worker in the Logan Temple.

WHILE HELEN KELLER, blind, deaf, and formerly mute, was in Europe aiding her fellow-sufferers, her home in Westport, Connecticut, was destroyed by fire. Ruined were her irreplaceable library in Braille, the furniture designed for her special needs, and the garden planned for its variety of fragrances, which were her delight. A few years ago, when visiting the Bureau of Information on Temple Square, Salt Lake City, she displayed great interest in the pioneer relics. As her sensitive fingers explored an oxen-yoke, she remarked, "It is very heavy. Now I understand why Jesus said, '. . . my yoke is easy and my burden is light'."

EDITORIAL

VOL 34 JULY 1947 NO. 7

Pioneer Example of Obedience

THROUGHOUT the Lord's dealings with ancient Israel in the centuries that followed the exodus from Egypt, there was ever kept alive in the memories of the children of Israel the loving kindness of the Lord to them, manifested in sparing the lives of their first-born, delivering them from bondage to the Egyptians, and bringing them to a promised land. Those events were memorialized by the institution of the Feast of the Passover, observed by Christ during his earthly ministry and still commemorated by orthodox Jews.

In these latter days, as in former times, the Lord guards, protects, and cherishes his chosen people in so far as their obedience to his commandments allows.

The year 1947 is being observed by Latter-day Saints throughout the world in remembrance of the goodness of the Lord to his people when he led them to their promised land one hundred years ago.

By the year 1847 the saints had been persecuted and driven from state to state but, like the children of Israel, they were finally permitted to leave their persecutors behind and journey to their promised land —a place foreseen by Isaiah:

> And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it (Isaiah 2:2).

When the pioneers arrived at their destination, it did not appear as a land flowing with milk and honey. Had the prophet leader not previously been shown the appointed place in vision, there would have been nothing to indicate to mortal eye that the parched land, baking under the hot sun, with a salt sea shimmering against the horizon, was the land of promise for the weary wagon train. The pioneers had traveled through greener lands and they knew that greener lands lay beyond, but, obedient to the word of the Lord, their leader Brigham Young declared that the forbidding place was the right place. That Valley of alkali, of sagebrush, without vegetation, burning under the rays of a July sun, where a living must be wrested by toil and sweat, where long hours of back-breaking work would be needed to eke out an existence, was declared to be the right place. A place which offered no worldly wealth but was destined to provide a richness in eternal values.

Viewed from the eminence of a hundred years, it is easy to trace out reasons why the Lord instructed his prophet to settle his chosen people in the valleys of the mountains. But viewed in the lights of events transpiring in that day, there were some who questioned the dicta of the

Lord's prophet, not only as regarded the place of settlement, but likewise in subsequent decisions and pronouncements by Church leaders.

Latter-day Saints living today continue to be warned, exhorted, and instructed by the Lord's prophets as to their daily conduct and dealings. Some members of the Church take umbrage at advice which to man's wisdom may seem foolish and unnecessary. Such people may know that their influence and example will melt away and vanish in the coming years as snow on a summer mountain side.

On this July 24, 1947 and in succeeding years, the love, honor, and respect of the Lord's chosen people will be poured out on those faithful pioneers who laid the foundations of this mighty people in the midst of the Rocky Mountains. Likewise, one hundred years from now, to that number so honored will be added, in remembrance, faithful, obedient Latter-day Saints living today who do not place man's wisdom above the will of the Lord as revealed through his prophets. When that numbering takes place, may it comprise the great present body of the Church!

M.C.S.

General Board Expresses Appreciation to Relief Society Members for Work in Clothing Donation

THE General Board of Relief Society extends grateful appreciation to the members of Relief Society throughout the stakes of Continental United States for the great contribution the sisters made in the recent donation of clothing and needed articles for the European saints.

Relief Society visiting teachers are highly commended for delivering the message of the General Board to Latter-day Saint families, calling attention to the donation, and Relief Society ward and stake members who received, listed, sorted, and helped label and pack the articles into boxes, are especially thanked.

The General Board recognizes and appreciates the willingness of the sisters of Relief Society to freely donate their services to any and every call made upon them by the Church.

A LITTLE OF MARY

Josephine J. Harvey

As I wash and dust and sweep,
I keep thinking of Martha.

Then I hear you coming
And my heart gives a leap.
I stop my work to listen
Eagerly to what you say—

Then I think, there must be
A little of Mary in me.

Additions to the 1946 Relief Society Magazine Honor Roll

The General Board of Relief Society wishes to add to the *Magazine* Honor Roll for 1946, the names of the following wards and branches, some of them with very high ratings, which were not included in the Honor Roll which was published in the *Magazine* for May 1947:

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
ALBERTA STAKE				
Leavitt Ward	43	46	107	Emma L. Broadbent
MILLARD STAKE				
Fillmore Third Ward	84	90	107	Gussie Marshall
EAST CENTRAL STATES MISSION				
Virginia East District	49	40	82	Pauline B. Hick
Elizabeth City	9	16	178	Lorna McPherson
NEBO STAKE				
Spring Lake Ward	49	51	104	Mary Johnson

Instructions to Magazine Representatives and Subscribers

1. After July 1, the General Board will be unable to furnish any back numbers of *The Relief Society Magazine*. Therefore, all subscriptions must reach the office of the General Board at least a month in advance of expiration. Hereafter, it will not be possible to obtain the July issue in which the previews and the first lessons appear after the month of July. Only the current issue will be furnished.

2. It is suggested that a subscription be taken in the name of the ward and stake Relief Societies for the purpose of binding.

3. The name of the ward and stake should appear on all orders.

4. Lists should be carefully checked to see that money remitted and the names listed on the order agree.

5. Money order or check is the best method of remittance. *Magazine* representatives are permitted to deduct the cost of money orders, but no deduction should be made when a personal check is used by the representative.

6. It is suggested that a *Magazine* representative keep a copy of each order so that mistakes may be better understood and corrected.

Magazine representatives are advised that all subscriptions sent to the General Board on or after July 1, 1947, will require the increased rate of $1.50 per year.

Where Trails Run Out

Anna Prince Redd

Chapter 6

[The incidents of this story are true, and the characters authentic. The information has been carefully gleaned from diaries, journals, and personal interviews.—Ed.]

Synopsis: A company of twenty-four young men and two families—James L. Davis, his wife Mary, and their four children; Henry H. Harriman, his wife Elizabeth, and their five children—are called to explore a route from Cedar City, in Southern Utah, to San Juan County. The two families are to remain in San Juan and, at a point where the Montezuma Creek comes into the San Juan River, are to establish an outpost and prepare for the coming of the main company of settlers, members of the San Juan Mission. The twenty-four scouts are to return to their homes and report their findings. The purpose of the mission is to cultivate and maintain peaceful and friendly relations with the Indians, who are almost the sole occupants of the large isolated county.

While driving her team at night, across a sultry, menacing desert, Elizabeth has a frightening experience with a mysterious Indian. She feels that she will see the Indian again and that he will know if she needs help. The company travels over rough and dangerous country and after much suffering, finally reaches Moenkopi, an Indian outpost and a supply point for traders and pioneers. The Davis family remains at Moenkopi and the others go on toward the San Juan. The white man's "water magic," in the form of more well digging, saves the lives of the company. Moving steadily onward, building their road as they go, the company halts while scouts explore for water, and a way out of a box canyon. The scouts, almost unconscious from thirst, get back to camp and report that there is no water. A strange, long-drawn cry portends a warning, and the company is filled with misgiving.

THE long night hours wore on. Restless and feverish, the suffering company saw the sun come up, and prayed for respite. Bad as the night had been, with its cold stars and its dry winds, it was preferable to the glare of the sun and the blistering sand that freighted the air. The guards came down from the lookout points and new ones took their places, to scan the horizon for a sight of the other water scouts, now long overdue.

What was the strange, long call they had heard from the ledge the night before? Was it human? No one could say. And all that the guards knew was that it seemed to come from a crevice in the rocks, near where they stood. Yet they had seen no one. There had been a quality to the call that made it seem to come from a long way off, yet everyone in camp was convinced that it came from someone—or something—near. The uncertainty of it increased the tension that gripped the company, and made their thirst and inactivity harder to bear.

What had happened to the water scouts? Did the strange long call have anything to do with them? In the minds of the leaders, it was unthinkable to move far in any direction without a report from the water scouts that water was to be found, for, without water, the company would surely die. The exertion of travel would exhaust what little reserve strength the teams and stock had, and gain nothing. There was

no alternative but to wait for the scouts.

"Can you see the water scouts, Henry?" Elizabeth asked. "Surely, surely we have not come this far only to fail in our mission. This is a lonely place to die."

"I can see nothing but heat waves," Henry answered. "And I can hear nothing but the wailing of the squaws and their papooses."

"If the scouts had found water they would have come back to tell us," Elizabeth decided. "They'd have been back long ago."

"Look, Elizabeth!" Henry pointed to the guards that were just going on duty. "They are signalling something to the camp! It's the water scouts!" he cried, and ran toward the two human figures that had staggered over a knoll, not far from the camp.

The guards began firing their guns—three salutes—the signal that the scouts were in.

A shout went up. "The scouts are in! The scouts are in!"

But the scouts had sunk to their knees. They were crawling, and falling by turns toward the camp.

"They have not found water!" Elizabeth sobbed, and she began to pray. Her arms went out to her children, holding them in a sadly frightened little group, against her skirts. "Oh, heaven help us!" she prayed. "What will become of us now!"

The men raced toward the knoll where the scouts had fallen. Strong arms lifted them and carried them to the camp. And she, the only woman, could not cry out. Yet she could not bear the agonizing conviction that the scouts had failed.

"Darlings, be quiet," she hushed her children. "Wait with mother. When your father comes, then we will pray."

It was she, the woman, who sparingly bathed the faces and parched lips of the water scouts. She who put clean shirts on their bodies and shaded their eyes from the sun. It was she, the woman, who waited while the leaders of the company talked in guarded tones, weighing the report of the thirsty scouts.

"No water — none anywhere. Three days travel—you will not find any water," they had gasped.

"No water . . . no water . . ." The words were burned into their eyes, and they kept repeating it.

"We cannot live three days longer," Elizabeth said to herself again and again, as she worked over the scouts. "We cannot travel, and we are dying here." But to the scouts she kept repeating that President Smith and her brother would find a way to save the company and the mission. And as she repeated the words, they took on meaning for herself, as well as for the water scouts.

"There is no way, Lord," she prayed. "No way except it be a miracle. Let the Indians' prayers be heard, too, Lord, we are all thy children."

FOR days the Indians had sent up prayers to their rain-gods, and sung and danced for the rain to come. But often their praying and dancing had been interrupted by imprecations against the white men, whom they held responsible for their suffering. It was the white men who had made the rain-gods angry. It was the white men, the pale-faces, who should be punished.

"This is a desperate situation, George," Silas murmured. "We have got to try digging for water again, though it may cost us our lives. The Indians are in no mood to see us fail."

"We're dying of thirst as it is," George answered. "I've been thinking about a conversation I overheard yesterday. It was about a lost spring. Peogament has been hunting furtively for it for two days. He says his forefathers told him it was here." George paused and a sort of a desperate grin came over his face. "And you know, Silas, that forefathers do not lie. Peogament says the rain-gods took the spring away because he was angry with his people, the red men. He says the rain-god is angry now, angry because the Indians are letting white men come into Indian country. He will not show him, the great Peogament, where the lost spring is."

"Let's start digging, George. Anywhere, just to dig. The other water scouts may come in with a favorable report from the direction they have explored. The digging will pacify Peogament until we hear from the scouts."

"Where shall we start?" George asked, more to encourage thinking than because he expected an answer. "Let's try it—let's see." His eyes ranged over the ground around the camp. "Let's try digging between those two big lava rocks. The sand around there is coarse and whiter than it is anywhere else. Funny I didn't notice *that* before!"

"You don't suppose—" Silas began, and then he stopped abruptly. "It seems to me that I've seen that spot a hundred times without noticing that the sand looked washed, even polished! I don't usually dig wells by hunches, but this one is goin' to be. It's the most unlikely place to dig a well, but—call the well diggers!" Silas cried. "We'll make these wailing Piutes shut up or dance at our funeral."

The diggers went to work, but without any enthusiasm. Hobbs watched the upthrown sand. "Dig close to the rocks, fellows," he suggested.

"Would *through* them do just as well?" one of the diggers grumbled, showing his disgust by trying to split the rock with the blade of his shovel. "There you are!" he sneered. "A nice deep well of clear, cold water!"

"You've a right to be irritable, fellows," George replied. "I guess that's the way we all feel. But, just to humor me, dig under the rocks, since you can't dig through them."

Fed to the point of good nature, the Indians had left off their wailing and had come to watch the well digging—always a point of fascinating interest for them. They laughed and pointed their fingers at the well diggers and pushed the dirt back into the hole with their scuffling feet.

Suddenly George leaned forward. The hole was about five feet deep. "Dig to the right!" he cried. "Dig fast! Silas, wave your arms above this rock. Do something to frighten the Indians. Do it, man! Hurry! Do something that will impress these redskins."

Silas looked at George with quick comprehension. He raised his arms above his head, solemnly faced the Indians, and began to pray. Not just to impress the Indians, but from a full heart. And as he prayed, the

miracle of water gushed forth . . . Lost Spring was found again!

* * * *

THAT night Elizabeth and Henry sat a long while before their campfire, listening to the singing and chanting in the camp of the Indians not far away.

"It's a strange way to give thanks," Elizabeth said. "It's a heathen sound, but it is music to my ears."

"The finding of the spring was a miracle, Bethy." Henry looked into the fire, searching for words with which to express himself. "It couldn't just have been an accidental thing."

"Oh, of course it is a miracle, Henry!" Elizabeth exclaimed, "I wish that Mary had been here to witness it. When will the Davis family join us, Henry?"

"Possibly not until after we reach San Juan. But that will not be long now, and scouts have already been chosen to go back for them."

"I wonder if Mary is well," Elizabeth mused.

"That is another blessing, Bethy. Mrs. Davis has improved in health ever since she undertook this trip. People said she would die on the way, and reproached James for accepting the call."

"Yes, even her brother told James that he was an inconsiderate fanatic."

"James Davis is a good man, Bethy. I'd not ask for a better."

"Nor a finer woman than Mary," Elizabeth added. "I can hardly wait to see her and the children. Her new baby will be born almost as soon as they reach San Juan."

"Don't expect them too soon, Elizabeth," Henry cautioned. "It's a long way back, over the roughest country out of doors. And traveling with the stock will be slow. But I pray they reach San Juan in time for the coming of the baby."

"Henry," Elizabeth stopped thoughtfully, then continued, trying to phrase her thoughts. "Henry, when I think of a big company coming to San Juan the way we have, it frightens me. We have had enough trouble, but a big company would have more."

"Yes, that may be so, Elizabeth. They will have to start in the fall or there will not be any water. And fall is pretty close to winter. I'd hate to try crossing a country like this in a snowstorm. Landmarks are hard to find and harder to follow. I never saw such a maze of canyons in my life. It takes more than human wisdom to find such a way."

"Yes. Just as it took more than human wisdom to find Lost Spring. I'll never get over the way the Indians looked at President Smith and George when the water gushed forth."

"It was pretty wonderful for all of us. As if Moses had again struck the rock," Henry answered.

"Henry," Elizabeth hesitated, then went on in a determined voice, "I felt rebellious about coming away out here. We had just got things fixed so nice at home. But when I saw that water gush forth from Lost Spring, my heart seemed to burst with gratitude that we had been chosen to receive such blessings."

"You are a good wife, Bethy." Henry smiled fondly. "And you are a good woman to have in such a company as this."

Elizabeth sighed happily. "I guess it is time that all good people were asleep," she laughed. "We have

stayed up as late as if we were courting!"

Henry stood up, and, reaching for her hands, helped Elizabeth to her feet. They stood there a moment, then said goodnight, she to go to bed in her wagon with the children, and he to take his turn as night guard.

THE first, long, tinted rays of the sun fell upon the gushing clear cold water of Lost Spring. All night the Indians had chanted and danced, and now they lay asleep, sunlight streaming over their faces. Again they were at peace with their white brothers.

With the first stir in camp, Elizabeth took her five children to stand by the water of the spring and dip their fingers into it. "This gleaming, silver water is Lost Spring," she said. "You will never see anything more precious than this water. God gave it to us, his servants, as surely as he leads us where we are to go, if we follow his commandments. Never doubt the miracle of Lost Spring."

The children clung to each other and to their mother, almost in tears at the solemnity of her voice.

"Will it ever get lost again, Mother," the oldest child asked, "or will Heavenly Father leave it here for the Indians?"

"I think it will be here for a long time to come," Elizabeth answered. "And we must never forget that our lives were saved by the miracle of its waters."

"I don't want to go away and leave this good spring, Mother," one of the smaller ones said. "Most of the water we have had tasted like medicine."

Elizabeth smiled. "And neither do I, my dears. But since we can't take it with us, we will fill every jug and barrel we have with this good water and take them along with us. And maybe it will be enough to last until we reach San Juan."

Elizabeth stood silent for a time, weighing her own words. *Until we reach San Juan.* Her mind was traveling miles ahead. Would there be water and food and schools in the new country? Would she and Mary be equal to the task of shaping their children's lives to good and civil ways in such a wilderness, so far from other human habitation? Would Fort Montezuma be a haven or only just an outpost where all trails would run out, leaving want, desolation, and fear?

THE morning after the finding of Lost Spring, Silas Smith climbed a point three or four miles from the camp to look the country over and see which general direction it would be best to take. In the distance he saw two figures dragging along toward the camp. He surmised that they were the two other water scouts, and he was so filled with relief that they were safe that he fired his gun in the salute that had been agreed upon, even though he knew the volley would not be heard by his friends in the camp.

The scouts, Kumen Jones and Seth Tanner, had been all the way to the San Juan River. They had not had the hardships the other two scouts had experienced, because they had found people on the river, Clara Mitchell and her husband and two trappers who lived with them. These people had fed the scouts and had treated them well.

The scouts handed over a map of a

route for the company they had made, and, on May 29, 1879, the company broke camp, on the last lap to the San Juan.

The sand was heavy and travel was slow. Often they made no more than eight miles in a day. The last day they made fifteen miles, and camped at a place which the Mitchells had named Alkali Gulch. That night the stock was driven three miles to the river, and held there by the drovers. On the first of June, the San Juan Mission Exploring Company reached its destination on the San Juan River, near where Montezuma Creek empties into it.

After the heat and the sand of the desert it was like being in a new world to see green trees, clear water, and abundant feed for stock.

Men scrambled from their wagons and waded into the river, shouting and flailing their arms about in their exuberance. They went fishing, and one man caught a twenty-pound salmon. It was a gala day, and not a man in the company would do any worrying for that night at least.

But with Elizabeth, it was different. She, alone in all the miles of country that surrounded her, sat motionless in her wagon.

"It is the end of the earth," she said. "This is where trails run out."

She bowed her head and wept from sheer loneliness and disappointment.

"Oh, Mary," she sobbed, "don't, don't come!"

"Bethy," Henry's arms went awkwardly about her. "Don't cry, my girl. It isn't so bad. The land is good. See how green the trees are!"

"And where will we get water for our crops?"

"Why, from the San Juan, of course," Henry replied stoutly, astonished that she would ask the question when they were sitting on the banks of a river that was wide and full.

"Have you forgotten the Rio Virgin?" Elizabeth asked.

Henry's jaw dropped. "The Rio Virgin is a devil incarnate, Bethy," he said. "We'll not have the trouble the Dixie settlers had. Getting water to our land will be an easy matter. We'll throw a riprap out into the river, and that's all there will be to it."

"Oh, Henry, your faith makes you blind. Where are the settlements? Where is the fort?"

"Well, the settlements are some space away," Henry admitted. "But we'll make out. You'll see that we will."

Elizabeth climbed down from her wagon and went to the edge of the river. She stood there, listlessly, looking at the gray, slow depths of the water.

"I haven't forgotten the giant tree that you carried on your placid, deadly surface," she whispered. "I'll never forget that you taunted me, by missing the ferry only by inches. I have no illusions. You are unfriendly and cruel. I hate you!"

"Aren't you goin' to cook us this twenty-pound salmon, Mrs. Harriman?" the men called. "We've got it all carved ready for the pan."

Elizabeth turned from the river. Life would go on. Just as surely as eating and sleeping and cooking went on. And she would go with it.

"I'm coming!" she called, and went slowly toward the camp.

(*To be continued*)

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

Regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" appear in the *Magazine* for October 1946, page 685.

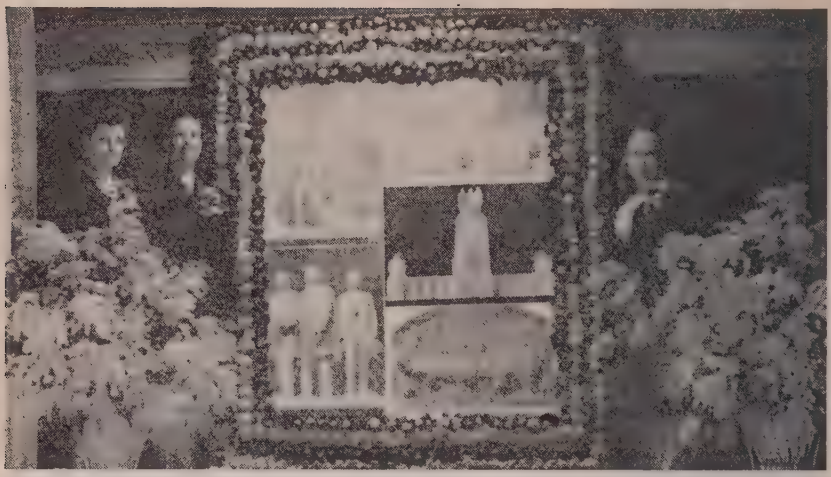
RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES AND CENTENNIAL PROGRAMS

Photograph submitted by Elna P. Haymond

NORTHERN STATES MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY PRESENTS STATUE TO PRESIDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH

Left to right: Elna P. Haymond, President, Northern States Mission Relief Society; President George Albert Smith; Avard T. Fairbanks, sculptor of the statue.

The statue represents the Prophet Joseph Smith kneeling in prayer. It was presented to President Smith on his seventy-sixth birthday (April 4, 1947) by the combined Relief Societies of the Northern States Mission as a special Centennial remembrance. Sister Haymond, in describing the presentation, writes: "Since the Prophet was guided by inspiration to organize the Relief Society and thus set in motion the special work of Latter-day Saint women, this particular statue expressed to President Smith the message the sisters wished to convey. The statue stands for more than merely a gift. It portrays Joseph Smith in prayer. We have tried hard to make prayer a part of all Relief Society work. Where there is prayer there is love, harmony, and progress."



Photograph submitted by Grace McPeak

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA MISSION, SANTA ROSA BRANCH CENTENNIAL PROGRAM, March 2, 1947

Standing beside the flower-bordered posters, left to right: Mabel Schick, organist; Arlene Reveal, narrative reader; Edith Carlquist, dramatic reader.

Photograph submitted by Cleo B. Shirley

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA MISSION, KLAMATH FALLS BRANCH (OREGON) ANNIVERSARY PROGRAM, MARCH 17, 1947, "WOMAN'S PLACE IN GOD'S EARTH PLAN"

This beautiful historical pageant presented the mission of women in the gospel plan from ancient times to the present. Cleo B. Shirley is president of the Klamath Falls Branch Relief Society and Mary S. Ellsworth is president of the Northern California Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Lois Ann Hilterbrand

BOISE STAKE (IDAHO), MERIDIAN WARD SUNDAY EVENING PROGRAM
March 2, 1947

Standing front, left and right: Readers Flora Byrne and Lois Ann Hilterbrand.

Seated first row, left to right: Second Counselor Eliza Garn; chorister Erma Walker; Edith Burnett; Grace Chaffin; Ellen McBride; Beth Walker; President Faye Wilson; Edna Fisher; First Counselor Nancy Loveland.

Standing second row, left to right: Ila Thomson; Melva Law; Edith Law; Mae Fewkes; Vertie Ann Earl; Ada Loveland; Harriet Walker.

Organist Mae McGill and Nora Farnsworth were not present when this photograph was taken. Stage arrangements and scenery are by Eliza Garn.

Maudell Harris is president of Boise Stake Relief Society.

CENTRAL PACIFIC MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY SENDS FOOD AND CLOTHING TO SAINTS IN JAPAN

Georgia H. Weenig, President, Central Pacific Mission Relief Society, reports a recent project of the sisters in her mission, as follows:

"During the month of November (1946), under the direction of the Priesthood Welfare Committee and the Relief Society, our mission collected food and clothing and mailed over 200 eleven-pound packages to our saints and friends in stricken Japan. We have just completed our second drive during the month of January, and are now ready to begin the packing and wrapping of our quota of 500 or more boxes. The Relief Society sisters are giving diligent effort to this cause, and I am sure they will receive much spiritual benefit in knowing that they are really aiding in the relief of souls in Japan who need our help so desperately."

In further commenting upon activities in her mission, Sister Weenig reports:

"We are carrying on the work in our mission Relief Society as usual with our Sunday meetings. In October we organized two Societies on the island of Kauai, and we are now attempting to organize another on the island of Maui. Practically all of our Relief Society members are young school girls or working girls, but these members feel that they are getting a great deal of good out of the lessons, and they have a wonderfully cooperative spirit. The Relief Societies of the Oahu District recently conducted a bazaar and cleared a fairly good amount of money which was divided among the four branches."

Photograph submitted by Martha W. Brown

SOUTH LOS ANGELES STAKE (CALIFORNIA), SOUTH GATE WARD SIX PAST RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS

Pictured here are the presidents of the South Gate Ward Relief Society from its organization to 1945, left to right: Henrietta B. Gill; Edna Hardman; Martha Brown; Ada Hansen; Vilate Kleven; Ruth Jarman. The present president of South Gate Ward Relief Society is Lenore Merrill.

Rose B. Astle is president of South Los Angeles Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Irene Wright

ALPINE STAKE (UTAH), AMERICAN FORK FIRST WARD CENTENNIAL PROGRAM "A STORY IN GRANITE AND BRONZE," MARCH 2, 1947

For this program living statues were used instead of plaques. Under the direction of the ward Relief Society presidency, Irene Wright, Helen Bennion, Dorothy Rominger,

and Ina Conder, a cast of twenty-one members was assembled and six scenes were represented. Fathers Escalante and Dominguez were portrayed by Farrell Sorensen and Edward Ludlow. The Donner party was represented by Alice Thornton, Martin W. Rominger, William Wright, Glen Robinson, and Clifford Taylor. The trappers were: Don Neaf, Erwin Bailey, Grant Bennion, Neldon Condor. The first three women to enter the Valley were depicted by Susie Christensen, Betty Bennion, and Vivian Ditlefson; the children were represented by David Sorensen and Jerry Wright. Astride the horse was Dale Steiner, portraying Orson Pratt, and Dean Lewis, as Erastus Snow, standing in front of the horse, as they first beheld the Valley of the Great Salt Lake. Brother Afton Steiner, Bishop Leonard Howes, and Arthur Ditlefson posed for the three figures atop the monument—Brigham Young, Wilford Woodruff, and Heber C. Kimball.

The readers were Arsena Robinson and Dorothy Rominger. Music was furnished by a trio: Pearl Cunningham, Doris Robinson, and Ada B. Neaf. A musical selection was presented by Agnes Burr and the ward choir under the direction of Walton Foulger. R. W. Wieser assisted with make-up and lighting.

Alice B. Carlisle is president of Alpine Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Pauline Guilmette

SEATTLE STAKE (WASHINGTON), TACOMA CENTRAL WARD RELIEF SOCIETY ANNUAL BIRTHDAY PARTY, MARCH 1947

Left to right: Secretary Pauline Guilmette; First Counselor Marion Harris; President Signe Septon; Stake board member Mabel Udell; Second Counselor Maxine O'Brien.

Guests of honor for this delightful occasion were the Relief Society officers from Lincoln Ward (Tacoma) and their husbands. All past Relief Society presidents and the stake visitor were honored with lovely corsages.

Photograph submitted by Elva Richins

SUMMIT STAKE (UTAH), HENEFER WARD CLOSING SOCIAL, May 1947

The four women in the front row, center, are: Elva Richins, Secretary-Treasurer; Margaret Richins, President; Maxine Wright, Second Counselor; Mildred Calderwood, First Counselor.

Mary E. Wright is president of Summit Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Helen Waters

NORTH IDAHO FALLS STAKE, IDAHO FALLS SEVENTH WARD MOTHERS' AND BABIES' DAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1947

Mothers were urged to bring their children to this meeting. All of the ward officers have small children. Present were 113 women and 28 children. Sister Vella Laird is president of Idaho Falls Seventh Ward Relief Society. May W. Andrus is president of North Idaho Falls Stake Relief Society.

Photographs submitted by Mary Done Pierce

MEXICAN MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY EXPOSITION, MAY 10-11, 1947

The upper photograph shows part of the extensive display of beautiful handwork.

In the lower photograph are some of the Relief Society officers: Front row seated, left to right: Longina de Sorriano, San Pablo Branch, Camilla Eyring Kimball, wife of Elder Spencer W. Kimball; Mary Done Pierce, President, Mexican Mission Relief Society; Cleone Rogers Stahle, director of the exposition; Maria Guerrero, Ermita Branch, Mexico City.

Back row standing, left to right: Josefa de Moreno, Pachuca Branch, Hidalgo; Adela de Osnaya, San Pedro Martir Branch, Mexico, D. F.; Manuela Garcia de Rorres, San Marcos Branch, Hidalgo; Sofia G. de Palma, Chalco Branch, Mexico, D. F.; Maria Carmona, Ozumba Branch; Maria Baranca de Rivas, Cuautla Branch, Morelos; Concepcion Lara, Atlixco Branch, Puebla; Angela Lozano, Guerrero Branch, Hidalgo; Jovita de Mora, La Liberatad Branch, Puebla.

Photograph submitted by Ida L. Nash

FRANKLIN STAKE (IDAHO), LINROSE WARD RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR
December 6, 1946

Left to right: Secretary-Treasurer Clara Stevenson; Second Counselor Armina Bright; President Ida L. Nash; First Counselor Ruby Adams.

Sister Nash reports that this was an unusually successful bazaar. Aprons, children's clothing, blouses, quilts, and many pieces of lovely handwork were sold, as well as sofa pillows, art objects, and various gift articles.

Ined Fryer is president of the Franklin Stake Relief Society.

FOURTH OF JULY

Christie Lund Coles

Along the main street of the town
The children come as once we came
In gay, bright dresses, starched and new,
To watch in rapture just the same,

As floats in colorful array
And horses, pawing at the ground,
Await the signal to begin
The march . . . with drum and trumpet sound.

Here is a day of racing, fun,
Popcorn, ice cream, candy, noise
Made by horns and caps laid swiftly
By mischievous little boys.

Wars change the course of men and earth;
Youth goes, the old grow reconciled;
Yet still a holiday evokes
The same, sweet wonder in a child.

Notes on Authors of the Lessons

THIS year two authors new to Relief Society members appear as writers for Relief Society. Elder Don B. Colton, Director of the Missionary Home, Salt Lake City, has written the theology lessons which are based on Elder James E. Talmage's comprehensive and inspirational book, *Jesus the Christ;* and Elder Joseph Jacobs has written the social science course, "Essentials in Home Training."

Elder Colton, an active and devoted Church worker, was born in Mona, Utah, and lived for many years in Vernal. He attended Brigham Young University and was graduated from the law school of the University of Michigan. After holding many positions in the auxiliary organizations of the Church, (he is now a Sunday School General Board member), he served as president of the Eastern States Mission for four years. He was president of the Uintah Stake for ten years. For twelve years he represented Utah in the United States House of Representatives. He married Grace Stringham of Vernal, Utah, in 1910, and they have four children, Mera, Alice, Glade Byron, and Gwen Mary. A son Don Sterling died in infancy.

For the past ten years Elder Colton has been director of the Missionary Home in Salt Lake City, where his kindly and enthusiastic personality and his scholarly and appreciative knowledge of the gospel have been a source of inspiration to thousands of missionaries. Brother Colton's faith and diligence are reflected in his interpretation of the new series of theology lessons.

Elder Joseph Jacobs was born in Aleppo, Syria. His parents were converts to the Church, and at the age of sixteen Joseph came to the United States. He was graduated from the Latter-day Saints High School, and received his master's degree in accounting and business administration from the University of Utah. For many years he was a teacher in the Salt Lake City schools, and for two years he had charge of the home missionaries in Ensign Stake. In 1937 he was appointed president of the Palestine-Syrian Mission. His wife, Leone Openshaw Jacobs, now a member of the General Board of Relief Society, and their two children, Geraldine and Lamont, joined Brother Jacobs a year later in the Holy Land. In 1939, at the outbreak of the war, they were recalled to the United States. At the present time Brother Jacobs is a teacher of commercial subjects in the Roosevelt Junior High School, Salt Lake City, and is supervisor of the ward teachers in the South Eighteenth Ward Salt Lake City, Utah.

President Amy Brown Lyman continues her series of discussions on "Our Pioneer Heritage" for the visiting teachers' messages, considering for this season "The Fruits of Pioneer Virtues."

The literature lessons, "Literature of the Doctrine and Covenants," have been written by Elder H. Wayne Driggs, author of the theology course for the past three years.

For information on Sister Lyman and Brother H. Wayne Driggs, see "Notes on the Authors of the Lessons" in the *Magazine* for July 1946, page 469.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—The Life and Ministry of the Savior

Elder Don B. Colton

Preview of Lessons for 1947-48

THEOLOGY lessons for the next four years will be based upon that excellent book by the late Elder James E. Talmage, entitled *Jesus the Christ*. The book should be studied in connection with each lesson.

This preview will introduce the first eight lessons. Each year a preview will be written covering the lessons to be studied.

The main objective of the course is to give the principal events in the Savior's life in such a way as to awaken faith in the souls of all those who study. We believe in the statement of the Savior:

> And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent (John 17:3).

To fully know him, it is necessary to study his life. To understand that life, we must know something of the antemortal existence, something of the events and purposes of his earth life, and something of our relationship to him in the life to come. We believe this can be accomplished by carefully following the plan of life mapped out for us by our Redeemer.

The titles of the lessons for the year (the names of the first sixteen chapters of *Jesus the Christ*) are as follows:

Lesson 1. *Preexistence and Foreordination of the Christ*

Objective: To show the actuality of the birth of the Lord Jesus; and that he was chosen and ordained to be our Redeemer before the world was created.

Lesson 2. *The Need of a Redeemer;* and *The Antemortal Godship of Christ*

Objective: To show that under the gospel plan a Redeemer was absolutely necessary; and that Jesus, our Lord, had attained godship in an antemortal existence.

Lesson 3. *Earthly Advent of the Christ Predicted;* and *The Meridian of Time*

Objective: To demonstrate that the great events of the Savior's life and of his plan of salvation had been revealed aforetime; and to give an explanation of the condition of the Jews during the meridian of time.

Lesson 4. *Gabriel's Annunciation of John and Jesus;* and *The Babe of Bethlehem*

Objective: To show that the coming of John the Baptist and Jesus Christ was announced by an angel sent from God; and that their births fulfilled great promises by angels and prophets.

Lesson 5. *The Boy of Nazareth;* and *In the Wilderness of Judea*

Objective: To prove that Jesus early understood his divine calling, and spent a period of careful preparation for his great ministry.

Lesson 6. *From Judea to Galilee; and Early Incidents in Our Lord's Public Ministry*

Objective: To show that Jesus gives ample evidence that he is the Christ to all who honestly seek him; and that righteousness is the greatest force in the world.

Lesson 7. *Honored by Strangers, Rejected by His Own;* and *Continuation of Our Lord's Ministry in Galilee*

Objective: To prove that Jesus is no respector of persons, but that his blessings are given to all who have faith in him, and who serve him.

Lesson 8. *Lord of the Sabbath;* and *The Chosen Twelve*

Objective: To show that the Sabbath is distinctly sacred to the people who accept the Lord as their guide. Also, to show that Jesus does have a specific calling in the Priesthood to which he delegates the power to carry on his work in the earth.

We urge careful consideration of the great truths concerning the Lord, which have been revealed in this, our day. Probably, Joseph Smith's greatest contribution to the world was a correct understanding of Jesus Christ. It is, therefore, necessary to understand and to be able to tell others of these great truths.

We earnestly urge that methods be used to secure class participation. It is the best way for class leaders to ascertain if the learners are really getting a clear understanding of the lessons. An effective class leader will not content herself with studying only the lesson printed in the *Magazine*. The text should be studied and enrichment material gathered from every approved source.

This course affords an opportunity to aid others in securing a testimony of Jesus the Christ. The lessons should be presented with that goal always in mind.

Textbook

TALMAGE, JAMES E.: *Jesus the Christ*, Deseret Book Company, $2.50.

Reference

CLARK, PRESIDENT J. REUBEN, JR.: *Wist Ye Not That I Must Be About My Father's Business?* General Board of Relief Society 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City 1, Utah, $1.50.

Lesson 1—"Preexistence and Foreordination of Christ"

Elder Don B. Colton

(Reference: *Jesus the Christ*, by Elder James E. Talmage, Chapter 2)
For Tuesday, October 7, 1947

Objective: To show the actuality of the birth of the Lord Jesus; and that he was chosen and ordained to be our Redeemer before the world was created.

MEMBERS of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints will, no doubt, be thrilled at the prospects of studying, in detail, the life of our divine Redeemer. The Church does have a distinctive message concerning him. Let us understand that message clearly.

And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent (John 17:3).

That Jesus of Nazareth did live upon earth is a well-attested fact.

However, no adequate biography was written of him. Probably, it is better that no one attempted such an impossible task. No one ever lived of whom more has been written. No one else has influenced the world for good as much as he. Though a God, he was actually born of woman. No one can successfully disprove the story of his birth.

Through nineteen "wide centuries," the spirit of the Master has been the greatest power for good in the world. Those who believed in him have been the real pioneers. Missionaries, carrying the Bible, have been first to seek out benighted peoples in every land. A Christian woman, Florence Nightingale, really started the great movement providing hospitals for wounded soldiers upon the battlefields. A man who believed in Christ, Horace Mann, led the movement which resulted in, at least, a common-school education for all the children in the United States. It is well within the mark to say that nearly all great efforts during the last two thousand years to bring happiness and progress to the human family have been made by men and women actuated by the influence and power of our Savior. (Read statement by F. A. Francis in President Grant's book, *Treasures I Would Share.*)

One outstanding and distinctive feature of the Latter-day Saint Church is its positive affirmation of a correct understanding of Jesus Christ. As we proceed with this course, it will be pointed out that our message is unique and distinctive in many respects. This is said in humility but with boldness. In the spirit of Paul's statement to the Colossians (Col. 1:12-19), we give "thanks unto the Father which hath made us meet [suitable or worthy] to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light" [Holy Ghost].

Preexistence and Foreordination

It is usual to commence biographies or even a study of the life of an individual with a consideration of the earthly birth. We are not studying now the life of an ordinary person. We are to study the Savior in the light of Isaiah's estimate of him:

> For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace (Isaiah 9:6).

The Holy Scriptures are replete with passages affirming that Jesus the Christ or Jehovah existed with the Father in a preexistent state.

> All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made (John 1:3).
>
> For by him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by him and for him:
>
> And he is before all things, and by him all things consist.
>
> And he is the head of the body, the church: who is the beginning, the firstborn from the dead; that in all things he might have the preeminence.
>
> For it pleased the Father that in him [Christ] should all fulness dwell (Col. 1:16-19).
>
> (See also Heb. 1:1-3; and *Progress of Man*, by Joseph Fielding Smith, page 511).

To the Latter-day Saints, the word of God is scripture whether it was given anciently or to a modern prophet. From Isaiah we learn that in the beginning another son of God tried to exalt himself. This other

son, Lucifer, offered a plan under which all mankind would be redeemed, provided that he, not God, would be given the honor. The rejection of Lucifer's plan caused what is spoken of as the "war in heaven" (Rev. 12:7-9). This plan would have taken away our free agency. The plan presented by the Lord, Jesus, gave us our free agency and gave the glory to our Father—"thy will be done and the glory be thine forever." A great majority of our Father's children in that antemortal existence accepted the plan of Jesus, even though it might entail temptation to sin, suffering of pain, and even of wandering away from the "path of life." (See *Latter-day Saint Hymns*, No. 37—"Know This That Every Soul Is Free," etc. See, also, Pearl of Great Price, Moses 4:1-4).

The principle of free agency is fundamental in the gospel of Christ. "Freedom and reason make us men." Many men have fought and died rather than give up their free agency and many have been willing to make any sacrifice for freedom. The difference between the Savior's plan and the one offered by Lucifer is very great.

We, as spirit children, were happy when Jehovah's plan was accepted. We voted for it. We undoubtedly joined in the glad chorus when, "All the sons of God shouted for joy" (Job 38:7).

The important point is, Jesus was with the Father "in the beginning." Under the direction of the Father, he made the world. He is our Redeemer and Savior. "He was ordained of the Father to be the Savior of mankind." Of course, no date is given as to the exact time when this occurred. That is not necessary. We know only that it was "in the beginning." We do know that Jesus had been exalted to be a God while he was yet a "personage of spirit." It is very enlightening to read Ether, 3d chapter in the Book of Mormon.

More than two thousand years before his advent upon earth, Jesus the Lord appeared to a great prophet on a lonely mountain side. Even that great prophet, the brother of Jared, seems not to have fully grasped the exact form in which Jesus lived before coming to earth. Because of his great faith, the veil was taken from off the eyes of the brother of Jared, and he saw the finger of the Lord, and it was the finger of a man. "And the Lord said unto him: Because of thy faith thou hast seen that I shall take upon me flesh and blood." The Lord showed himself to this man of "exceeding great faith." Jesus was a reality before he was born of woman. He lived and was a glorified "personage of spirit" —a God.

In the day in which we live the same glorious truth was reaffirmed (D. & C. 76:13-14).

John, Paul, and other New Testament writers affirm repeatedly that Jesus lived in a preexistent state. The Savior, however, is our best witness. "For I came down from heaven not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me" (John 6:38). Again, these words: "What and if ye shall see the Son of man ascend up where he was before?" (John 6:62). It might be well to read the entire sixth chapter of John.

The writer of this lesson earnestly urges all members to read carefully from the text or from an original

source the third footnote following chapter two of *Jesus the Christ*.

There can come to the human mind no more thrilling thought than that Jesus our Redeemer lives. Because he lives, we will live forever. He is our advocate with the Father. He was God in a world as real as this one before he came to this earth. His place in the great plan of salvation has been clearly revealed.

How wonderful! Our Father in heaven, the Father of our spirits, exalted his beloved and worthy Son, Jesus the Christ, to become the creator of the world on which we, his spirit children, might have the glorious privilege of receiving a body and having the experience of earth life. Thereafter, we were "translated into the kingdom" of that dear Son (Col. 1:13). He is the King Immanuel—our exemplar, prototype, guide.

He marked the path and led the way,
And every point defines
To light and life and endless day,
Where God's full presence shines.

Questions and Suggestions for Discussion

1. Aside from the Bible, what evidence is there that Jesus our Savior is divine?

2. How would you prove from the Bible that Jesus lived in a preexistent state and that his work as a creator was done before he came to the earth? Cite passages of scripture.

3. In what way is the salvation of mankind dependent upon the work of our Redeemer?

Note: The following quotation will be of interest to Relief Society members:

When residing in Kirtland, Elder Reynolds Cahoon had a son born to him. One day when President Joseph Smith was passing his door, he called the Prophet in and asked him to bless and name the baby. Joseph did so and gave the boy the name of Mahonri Moriancumer. When he had finished the blessing he laid the child on the bed and turning to Elder Cahoon he said, "The name I have given your son is the name of the brother of Jared; the Lord has just shown (or revealed) the name." Elder William Cahoon, who was standing near, heard the Prophet make this statement to his father; and this was the first time the name of the brother of Jared was known in the Church in this dispensation. (*The Juvenile Instructor*, Vol. 27, May 1892, page 282).

Reference

TALMAGE, JAMES E.: *Jesus the Christ*, chapter 2.

Visiting Teachers' Messages—Our Pioneer Heritage

The Fruits of Pioneer Virtues

President Amy Brown Lyman

Preview of Lessons for 1947-48

"WHEREFORE by their fruits ye shall know them" (Matt. 7:20).

The subject matter for the visiting teachers' department for the year 1947-48 will again be presented

under the general title "Our Pioneer Heritage." Last year the lessons featured pioneer virtues. This year the objectives will be to call attention to and emphasize some of the accomplishments of the pioneers which came as a result of their virtues and their practices, the better to emulate them.

The discussions last year recalled many incidents, family experiences, and stories which greatly enriched the messages as they were considered in both the classroom and in the home. Especially interesting and dramatic were incidents related by some of the elderly women who remembered stories told to them firsthand by the pioneers of the plains, and also incidents connected with their own personal experiences in helping to pioneer remote settlements here in the West. Interest was stimulated by some class leaders, who made it a point to announce the subject for the next lesson a month ahead of time and to encourage the members to read the lesson carefully, talk it over in the home, and come prepared to take part in the class discussion. As a result, many faith-promoting stories and interesting experiences have been related. Most interesting also were excerpts from old diaries, which were brought to class and read by descendants of early pioneers. These diaries, which bring to life thrilling human interest stories, are valuable and should be carefully preserved. Practically every visiting teacher and every individual visited has been able to contribute to the discussions.

Friendly visiting by Relief Society teachers is one of the oldest institutions in the Society. The organization was only one year old when sixteen of its members were appointed to visit the four districts in Nauvoo. Today there are 31,678 visiting teachers in the organization, and 18,155 districts. Last year's report (1946) showed that the teachers made 1,237,906 visits to the homes. If all of the 31,678 visiting teachers would, in a given year, familiarize themselves with the messages and make it a practice to discuss them in the 177,770 homes on their visits, what a power they could be in creating desirable sentiment and influencing people for good.

It is hoped that this timely subject "Our Pioneer Heritage" has been and will be so thoroughly discussed that it will make an important contribution to the spirit of Utah's great Centennial, the prime purpose of which is to call to mind and to emphasize the deeds and accomplishments of the pioneers of Utah, and perpetuate their memories by music, song, and pageant, and by dedicating to the pioneers that mighty monument "This Is the Place."

"By their fruits ye shall know them." Yes, by the fruits of our noble pioneers we shall ever know and remember them.

Titles for the messages for the eight months follow:

Lesson 1. *Organization*
Objective: To show the marvelous result of the God-inspired plan used by our pioneers in crossing the plains.

Lesson 2. *Colonization*
Objective: To call attention to the outstanding ability of the pioneers as colonizers and empire builders.

Lesson 3. *Religious Activities*
Objective: That we may review the religious practices of the pioneers and emulate their activities.

Lesson 4. *Social Activities*

Objective: To recall the genuine and friendly social activities of the pioneers in order to better evaluate those of the present.

Lesson 5. *Cultural Activities*

Objective: To stimulate a deeper appreciation of the different cultural activities of the pioneers in order to better evaluate in a more understanding way similar activities today.

Lesson 6. *Community Activities*

Objective: To show that many present progressive community activities originated and were stimulated by the early pioneers.

Lesson 7. *Building Activities*

Objective: To recognize the high standards in the building activities of the pioneers which act as a stimulus for us today.

Lesson 8. *Beautification*

Objective: To become acquainted with pioneer plans of beautification of homes, churches, and communities, in order to appreciate more fully the realization of those plans a century later.

General References For the Course For Enrichment Material

A Story to Tell, published by the Primary Association and the Deseret Sunday School Union.

Ashton, Wendell J.: *Their's Is the Kingdom.*

Evans, John Henry: *One Hundred Years of Mormonism.*

Evans, John Henry: *The Story of Utah.*

Smith, Joseph Fielding: *Essentials in Church History.*

Whitney', Orson F.: *Popular History of Utah.*

Young, Levi Edgar: *Founding of Utah.*

Lesson 1—Organization

President Amy Brown Lyman

For Tuesday, October 7, 1947

Objective: To show the marvelous result of the God-inspired plan used by our pioneers in crossing the plains.

ONE of the distinguishing characteristics of Latter-day Saints is their understanding and appreciation of the efficacy of organized efforts and the importance of co-operation between individuals and between groups.

This understanding and knowledge is a heritage from the Church itself, the organization of which was divinely inspired. The perfect organization and operation of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is ample evidence of its divine origin.

The government of the Church is vested in the First Presidency and the Council of the Twelve, assisted by other General Authorities, by general officers of various departments, and boards of auxiliary organizations. It is divided into stakes and missions and subdivided into wards and branches. The organization and work is thus built and set up on order, authority, love-inspired obedience, and co-operation, and operates with precision and efficiency.

In making plans and preparations for crossing the plains, it was only natural that one of the first considerations should be the careful and proper organization of the companies, and it was largely due to the efforts in this direction that the

companies were so successful. (See D. & C. 136).

In his biography, pioneer Elijah Mayhew, who crossed the plains from Winter Quarters in 1853 and was one of the clerks of his company, shows how the company was carefully organized, and gives some interesting details regarding its organization and operation. He reports that the company consisted of 232 souls, seventy wagons, 125 horses, 360 head of cattle, and 126 sheep. Captains D. R. Miller and John Cooley were in command. The company was divided into groups of fifty, which were subdivided into groups of ten. Each group of fifty had a captain, a sergeant of guard, a chaplain, and a clerk. Following are the rules and regulations as recorded by him:

1—Camp will be called by the sound of a trumpet for prayer morning and evening. 2—Card playing will not be allowed. 3—Profane language will not be allowed. 4—Dogs must be tied up at night. 5—No noise nor confusion of any kind will be allowed after 8 p.m. 6—The horn will blow for arising at 4:30 a.m. 7—Assembly for prayers at 5:30 a.m. 8—Each man will assist in driving the cattle. 9—The horn will blow as notice to bring in the cattle. 10—The corral, formed by placing wagons side by side, will not be broken nor any wagon move from the yard in the morning until all the cattle are yoked. 11—The rate of travel for oxen, 3 miles per hour.

The names of all individuals, he explains, were enrolled; and, for the company, he kept a daily diary. If additional individuals joined the company along the route, their names and the date of their arrival were kept. All accidents and troubles were recorded; for example, the accident of Lucy Ann Miller, in which her leg was broken but successfully set.

Upon the arrival of the company in Salt Lake City, resolutions of respect and appreciation were drafted and presented to Captains Miller and Cooley for their kindness, efficient leaderdship, wise counsel, and tender care.

Suggestions for Discussion

The class might be encouraged to add examples of how the Church, through its perfect organization, has been able, on short notice, to collect needed information, facts, and statistics, and to carry out necessary programs.

Literature—Literature of the Doctrine and Covenants

Elder H. Wayne Driggs

Preview of Lessons for 1947-48

THE three-year series of Church history lessons brought to a close last May dealt with the theological study of the Doctrine and Covenants. It has been felt that some time could, with profit, be spent in enjoying this modern scripture from a literary point of view. Certain it is that many in the Relief Society have expressed the hope that time might be taken in a series of lessons on the literary values of the

Doctrine and Covenants. It is with this thought in mind that a year's course of study has been written in such a field.

There are within the words of the Lord to the Prophet Joseph Smith a variety of literary forms. The literary values of the Doctrine and Covenants add joy to the gospel message given.

To make a complete study of the literature of this modern scripture demands much time. In the present series of lessons in this field only the high lights of such a work may be outlined. It is hoped that such an outline will prove inviting for further study, and that much pleasure may be gained by reviewing the passages of the Doctrine and Covenants in another light.

The first lesson is introductory.

Lesson 1. *Introductory Lesson to "The Literature of the Doctrine and Covenants"*

Objective: To present a short historical account of the coming forth of the book the Doctrine and Covenants, and to call attention to the great work of the Prophet Joseph Smith as a revelator, and the necessity for Latter-day Saints to study the revelations.

The lesson titles and objectives for the literature course to follow are:

Lesson 2. *Literary Values of the Doctrine and Covenants*

Objective: To appreciate the Doctrine and Covenants as literature through a discussion of the truth and beauty it contains.

Lesson 3. *Types of Literature Found In the Doctrine and Covenants*

Objective: To appreciate the Doctrine and Covenants as literature through a discussion of the various forms of literature contained in the revealed word of the Lord.

Lesson 4. *Epistles of the Doctrine and Covenants*

Objective: To appreciate the Doctrine and Covenants as literature through a discussion of the letters of the Prophet to the saints and the word of the Lord to the Prophet while a prisoner in the jail at Liberty, Missouri.

Lesson 5. *Prayers of the Doctrine and Covenants*

Objective: To appreciate the Doctrine and Covenants as literature through a discussion of the prayers it contains, which are not unlike the lyric or song.

Lesson 6. *Visions of the Doctrine and Covenants*

Objective: To appreciate the Doctrine and Covenants as literature through a discussion of the apocalyptic type of literature.

Lesson 7. *Doctrinal Exposition of the Doctrine and Covenants*

Objective: To appreciate the Doctrine and Covenants as literature through a discussion of the wisdom contained in this modern scripture.

Lesson 8. *Appreciation Values in Doctrine and Covenants Reading*

Objective: To appreciate the Doctrine and Covenants as literature through a discussion of the values to be received from the Lord's word.

The writer is indebted to Dr. Sidney B. Sperry of Brigham Young University for his helpful suggestions on the series. Also, he appreciates the encouragement given by Dr. Howard R. Driggs and the literature lesson committee of the Relief Society.

Text: Doctrine and Covenants.

A $1 edition of this book may be purchased from the Deseret Book Company, 44 East South Temple, Salt Lake City 10, Utah.

Lesson 1—Introductory Lesson to "Literature of the Doctrine and Covenants"

Counselor Marianne C. Sharp

For Tuesday, October 7, 1947

Objective: To present a short historical account of the coming forth of the book Doctrine and Covenants, and to call attention to the great work of the Prophet Joseph Smith as a revelator, and the necessity for Latter-day Saints to study the revelations.

Historical Account of the Printing of the Doctrine and Covenants

THE Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is one of the four standard works of the Church, the other three being the Bible, the Book of Mormon, and the Pearl of Great Price. The Doctrine and Covenants has been called the scriptures of the dispensation of the fullness of times, and contains "Revelations Given to Joseph Smith, the Prophet, With some Additions by his Successors in the Presidency of the Church."

The first revelation in chronological sequence is section 2 which was given through the Prophet Joseph Smith in Manchester, New York, September 1823. Section 136 was "given through President Brigham Young, at the Winter Quarters of the Camp of Israel, Omaha Nation, West Bank of the Missouri River, near Council Bluffs, Iowa, January 14, 1847." The revelations contained in the Doctrine and Covenants were given in preparation for the re-establishment of the Church of Jesus Christ on earth and later for the direction of the Church so organized.

The first steps taken in regard to publishing the revelations in book form were taken in 1831. The Prophet Joseph Smith had, by the commandment of the Lord, compiled the revelations for this purpose; and at a conference of the Church held November 1, 1831, the revelation known as the "Preface" was given to be published with the compilation. It was at first decided to publish 10,000 copies of the book, to be known as "The Book of Commandments"; but later this was reduced to 3,000 copies. At another conference, held November 12, 1831, the revelations as prepared were dedicated by prayer and thanksgiving. Elders Oliver Cowdery and John Whitmer were appointed to carry the revelations to Missouri for publication and the work was to be done by William W. Phelps & Company. Elder Phelps having been added to the committee with Elders Cowdery and Whitmer, these three were charged with the responsibility of seeing that the printing proceed and be completed at as early a date as possible (D.H.C. 1:270). By the summer of 1833 most of these revelations that had been given up to that time were printed, but before the work was completed the printing plant was destroyed by a mob composed of the enemies of the Church. A few copies of the printed forms were saved and were bound in the "Book of Commandments."

A few copies of these revelations thus printed have been preserved.

Notwithstanding this calamity, the Church was undaunted in the mission laid upon it to publish the latter-day revelations of God to mankind. The first edition of the Doctrine and Covenants was published in Kirtland in 1835. On the title page the statement is made that the contents were compiled by "Joseph Smith, Junior; Oliver Cowdery, Sidney Rigdon and Frederick G. Williams, Presiding Elders of the Church." The book was printed by Frederick G. Williams & Company, in Kirtland.

On September 24, 1834, at a meeting of the High Council in Kirtland, Ohio, a committee, with Joseph Smith, the Prophet and President of the Church, at its head, was constituted to publish the revelations and other matter relating to the doctrines of the Church. This committee reported the completion of its labors to a general assembly of the Church, at Kirtland, August 17, 1835. The congregation was seated in the order of solemn assembly —each quorum or distinctive body of the Priesthood being in its place—and the acceptance of the revelations contained in the book of *Doctrine and Covenants* was expressed by the separate vote of each quorum, and then by the united vote of the entire assembly.

The testimony of the Twelve Apostles of the Church was formulated, signed, and presented to the assembly in the form following:

TESTIMONY OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES TO THE TRUTH OF THE BOOK OF DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS

The Testimony of the Witnesses to the Book of the Lord's Commandments, which commandments He gave to His Church through Joseph Smith, Jun., who was appointed by the voice of the Church for this purpose:

We, therefore, feel willing to bear testimony to all the world of mankind, to every creature upon the face of all the earth, that the Lord has borne record to our souls, through the Holy Ghost shed forth upon us, that these commandments were given by inspiration of God, and are profitable for all men and are verily true.

We give this testimony unto the world, the Lord being our helper; and it is through the grace of God the Father, and His Son, Jesus Christ, that we are permitted to have this privilege of bearing this testimony unto the world, in the which we rejoice exceedingly, praying the Lord always that the children of men may be profited thereby.

Thomas B. Marsh
David W. Patten
Brigham Young
Heber C. Kimball
Orson Hyde
Wm. E. M'Lellin
Parley P. Pratt
Luke S. Johnson
William Smith
Orson Pratt
John F. Boynton
Lyman E. Johnson

In successive editions of the *Doctrine and Covenants*, additional revelations or other matters of record have been added, as received, and as accepted by competent assemblies or conferences of the Church.

Certain lessons, entitled "Lectures on Faith," which were bound in with the *Doctrine and Covenants* in some of its former issues, are not included in this edition. Those lessons were prepared for use in the School of the Elders, conducted in Kirtland, Ohio, during the winter of 1834-1835; but they were never presented to nor accepted by the Church as being otherwise than theological lectures or lessons ("Explanatory Introduction to the Doctrine and Covenants," page v).

The Doctrine and Covenants has been translated into the following languages: Danish, Welsh, German, Swedish, Dutch, Hawaiian, and Maori (*Essentials in Church History*, page 684). At the present time (1947) many of these translations are being revised to keep pace

with the modern language changes, and a complete translation is being made in Spanish and Portuguese (See "Church Section," *The Deseret News*, May 3, 1947, pp. 4, 12).

Prophet Joseph Smith as a Revelator

Section 135 of the Doctrine and Covenants relates the martyrdom of Joseph Smith the Prophet and his brother Hyrum Smith the Patriarch, at Carthage, Illinois, June 27, 1844. It speaks of the great work which the Prophet Joseph did for mankind, stating that:

> Joseph Smith, the Prophet and Seer of the Lord, has done more, save Jesus only, for the salvation of men in this world, than any other man that ever lived in it.

Among the Prophet's marvelous accomplishments is mentioned that he "has brought forth the revelations and commandments which compose this book of Doctrine and Covenants" (135:3).

The study of the course "Literature of the Doctrine and Covenants," which will comprise the seven remaining Relief Society lessons in literature for 1947-48, will call forcibly to the attention of Relief Society sisters the incalculable service performed for Latter-day Saints by the Prophet Joseph Smith in being the worthy instrument in the hand of the Lord through whom the Lord in this day revealed his mind and will to mankind.

Among other expressions, the following ones are typical of those used by the Prophet Joseph Smith before copying revelations into his history of the Church:

> The following I applied for and obtained, at the request of . . . (D.H.C. 1:28); I inquired of the Lord through the Urim and Thummim, and obtained the following . . . (*Ibid.*, page 33); In this manner did the Lord continue to give us instructions from time to time, concerning the duties which now devolved upon us; and among many other things of the kind, we obtained of Him the following, by the spirit of prophecy and revelation . . . (*Ibid.*, page 64); I inquired of the Lord and received the following important revelation . . . (*Ibid.*, page 229).

Elder Parley P. Pratt has left an interesting account of the manner in which the Prophet Joseph dictated a revelation:

> Each sentence was uttered slowly and very distinctly, and with a pause between each, sufficiently long for it to be recorded by an ordinary writer in long hand. This was the manner in which all his written revelations were dictated and written. There was never any hesitation, reviewing, or reading back, in order to keep the run of the subject; neither did any of these communications undergo revisions, interlinings or corrections. As he dictated them so they stood, so far as I have witnessed; and I was present to witness the dictation of several communications of several pages each.

The footnote adds:

> This statement of Elder Pratt's is true in a general way, and valuable as a description of the manner in which revelations were dictated by the Prophet; and needs modifying only to the extent of saying that some of the early revelations first published in the "Book of Commandments," in 1833, were revised by the Prophet himself in the way of correcting errors made by the scribes and publishers; and some additional clauses were inserted to throw increased light upon the subjects treated in the revelations, and paragraphs added, to make the principles or instructions apply to officers not in the Church at the time some of the earlier revelations were given. The addition of verses 65, 66 and 67 in sec. xx of the Doctrine and Covenants, is an example (D.H.C. 1:173, footnote).

There were certain acquaintances of the Prophet who found fault with him as a revelator. At one time Oliver Cowdery wrote that he had discovered an error in one of the commandments. The Prophet relates:

I immediately wrote to him in reply, in which I asked him by what authority he took upon him to command me to alter or erase, to add to or diminish from, a revelation or commandment from Almighty God (D.H.C. 1:105).

At another time the Prophet tells how a certain man:

. . . as the wisest man, in his own estimation, having more learning than sense, endeavored to write a commandment like unto one of the least of the Lord's, but failed; it was an awful responsibility to write in the name of the Lord. The Elders and all present that witnessed this vain attempt of a man to imitate the language of Jesus Christ, renewed their faith in the fulness of the Gospel, and in the truth of the commandments and revelations which the Lord had given to the Church through my instrumentality (D.H.C. 1:226).

The importance which the Prophet Joseph Smith himself attached to the revelations he received from God is shown by the following statement he wrote in 1831:

. . . in consequence of the book of revelations, now to be printed, being the foundation of the Church in these last days, and a benefit to the world, showing that the keys of the mysteries of the kingdom of our Savior are again entrusted to man; and the riches of eternity within the compass of those who are willing to live by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God—therefore the conference voted that they prize the revelations to be worth to the Church the riches of the whole earth, speaking temporally (D.H.C. 1:235).

Necessity for Studying the Doctrine and Covenants

Throughout the literature course to follow, Relief Society members would do well to bear in mind the following words of the Lord so that each class member may seek earnestly and prayerfully to learn for herself the truthfulness of the Doctrine and Covenants while she deepens her appreciation of the beauty of the language in which the revelations are expressed:

Search these commandments, for they are true and faithful, and the prophecies and promises which are in them shall all be fulfilled.

What I the Lord have spoken, I have spoken, and I excuse not myself; and though the heavens and the earth pass away, my word shall not pass away, but shall all be fulfilled, whether by mine own voice or by the voice of my servants, it is the same (D. & C. 1:37).

Activities for Discussion

Have the class members recall or recite sections or parts of sections in the Doctrine and Covenants with which they are especially familiar.

Work Meeting—Sewing

(A Course for Optional Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

The preview and the first optional lesson for use at the work meeting will appear in the August Magazine.

Social Science—Essentials in Home Training

Elder Joseph Jacobs

Preview of Lessons for 1947-48

THE course of study for the social science department for the coming season (1947-48) is titled "Essentials in Home Training," and is a continuation of last year's course "The Family in the Gospel Plan." Last year's course dealt with organization of the family, its practical workings, the responsibilities of each member of the family, and some phases of training which should be incorporated into children's lives.

This year we take up a study of fundamental qualities of character which are basic to righteous living and consider how to implant them in members of the family. These lessons have been chosen with the thought in mind that the family is the most important unit that exists, and that the foundation for a righteous life must be laid in the home. The home is directly responsible for the ideals and standards of conduct developed by the individual.

The important part that the example of parents plays in instilling these qualities in children is stressed.

We refer class leaders to the treatment of some of these subjects as discussed by Dr. Harold T. Christensen in the social science lessons for the seasons 1944-45 and 1945-46. While the viewpoint on these subjects is different, much help may be derived from a study of his lessons in relation to the various subjects. Particular emphasis in this year's course is placed on giving practical help in applying these qualities to child training. Since the possession of these attributes is essential to a living of the gospel, repeated discussion will lead to better living.

We are making a slight change in the arrangement of questions for these lessons. Instead of putting them at the end of each lesson, we are inserting them at appropriate places throughout, where discussion will be profitable. We realize, of course, that most teachers use this procedure already, but for the new or inexperienced teacher it may be helpful. When the lesson is given in its entirety with questions and discussion left until last, too often the time may be short or class members may have forgotten what they had wished to contribute. Teachers should take care to keep the discussion within a proper allotment of time for each topic.

Again we say, the success of these lessons depends largely on the contribution of class members and the stimulation given for personal application. The experiences of mothers whose children are already reared is invaluable to younger ones whose children are still small, and whose methods of training may be at times experimental.

The titles and objectives of the lessons for this year follow:

Lesson 1. *Obedience*

Objective: To show that obedience is the way to happiness, and to discuss methods of teaching obedience in the home.

Lesson 2. *Honesty*

Objective: To show that honesty is fundamental to an upright character, and that teaching of this principle and a consistent example set by daily living must be given children in the home.

Lesson 3. *Chastity*

Objective: To show the necessity of living a chaste life, and to give suggestions for proper training in the home which will fortify members of the family to lead such a life.

Lesson 4. *Observance of the Sabbath Day*

Objective: To show that the command regarding Sabbath day observance is just as binding on us now as it has ever been, and that through training and the formation of proper habits in the home the Sabbath will be spent worshipfully and the attendant blessings received.

Lesson 5. *Refinement*

Objective: To show that refinement enriches one's own life as well as the lives of one's associates, that it embodies all that is gentle, considerate, and uplifting.

Lesson 6. *Tolerance*

Objective: To show that the teachings of the Lord breathe the spirit of tolerance, and that tolerance is not acceptance.

Lesson 7. *Reverence*

Objective: To show that reverence is inborn, that it has been observed from the beginning of time, and that it needs greater emphasis in our lives today.

Lesson 1—Obedience

Elder Joseph Jacobs

For Tuesday, October 28, 1947

Objective: To show that obedience is the way to happiness, and to discuss methods of teaching obedience in the home.

How Important Is the Principle of Obedience?

OBEDIENCE is one of the great principles of life, for through it we gain salvation and exaltation. It is an eternal principle—one which will never change nor become obsolete. In the universe surrounding us we see the operation of obedience to law in every detail—in the invariable course of the sun, the changing of the seasons, the migration of birds, the growth of seeds. Obedience also operates in all human activity. Whether it be in the field of science, business, or agriculture, certain laws must be adhered to if success is to result. Do you wish to raise a flower garden? Then you must follow the laws of nature which outline the proper cultivation of plants. Do you wish to become a nurse? Then you must obey the law which says you are to pursue its study until you are eligible for graduation. Governmental affairs, as well, are based upon obedience to law. The laws themselves are mere words in the statute books, having no meaning whatever, unless they are put into action by men.

Do you wish to gain salvation? Then you must render obedience to the requirements prescribed by our Heavenly Father which will lead you there.

The battle of life is essentially a battle between obedience or disobedience to eternal law; between good and evil; between right and wrong (WIDTSOE, JOHN A.: *Evidences and Reconciliations*, page 267).

What Is the Price of Transgression?

Transgression of the law is primarily or indirectly the cause of all suffering (James E. Talmage: *The Vitality of Mormonism*, page 388).

We read in Hebrews 5:8: "Though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered," showing that through our Savior's suffering he learned obedience. The important point for us to remember is that digressing from the course of obedience is like getting off on a detour and, eventually, having to work our way back to the main highway in order to continue onward. The sooner we learn to obey righteous laws, the easier it will be for us to obtain the prize we desire. Disobedience sooner or later brings suffering.

Does Obedience Curtail One's Liberty?

It is an erroneous idea which suggests that obedience takes away one's liberty. We read:

Here is a brother who says, "I do not want to be dictated; I want to preserve my freedom; I do not want to be a slave!" What an idea! It is from the enemy, and because a person has not the Spirit of the Lord to see how things are. There is not a man of us but what is willing to acknowledge at once that God demands strict obedience to his requirements. But in rendering that strict obedience, are we made slaves? No, it is the only way on the face of the earth for you and me to become free, and we shall become slaves to our own passions, and of the wicked one, . . . if we take any other course. . . . Now to say that I do not enjoy the volition of my own will just as much when I pray as I would to swear, is a false principle. . . . (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, pp. 347-348; 1941 edition, page 225).

"Obedience to righteous law is the price of liberty. In such obedience lies happiness," (James E. Talmage: *The Vitality of Mormonism*, page 338). "By his own acts man may win blessings or bring condemnation upon himself" (John A. Widtsoe: *Evidences and Reconciliations*, page 267).

It is a regrettable fact that people, generally, will obey laws when the penalties for disobedience are immediate or apparent, but will postpone obeying or entirely disregard those laws whose penalties are not so immediate nor apparent. They are slow to learn that disobedience to these laws is as certain to bring its result as disobedience to any other law. People accept the fact, for example, that adding anti-freeze to water reduces the freezing point, and that anti-freeze must be added to prevent damage to automobile radiators during cold weather. They obey, without question, the physical law, by having a vaccination which renders the body immune to smallpox, because they have heard of the effects of that terrible disease. But they disregard or put off the law of tithing or the law of baptism or temple work, because no immediate penalty is apparent.

Is There a Lack of Control in the Home Today?

The home is the strategic place in which to instil sterling qualities of character. There, the lasting foundation is laid and habits of right living cultivated. There, also, fathers and mothers train themselves to be exemplary before their children.

If life could be lived with no laws, we could do away with obedience in the home. . . . But laws must be obeyed so that life for all will be happier and better. When

we dispense with control in the home we have at once handicapped a child for his later contacts with a life which is full of laws.

He will learn with more sorrow and difficulty when he is grown. The child who has learned obedience to reasonable laws will be best equipped to establish a home of his own. . . . Marriage and home life require forbearance, mutual respect and obedience to certain laws. Some sort of control in the training of young people must prepare them for this.

Ideas of control have undergone a vast change in the last seventy years. The father in the pioneer family might be said to have been next to God. His word was law in the family and he did not hesitate to enforce obedience by corporal punishment. In the old days discipline was often misused . . . but we now have the ludicrous example of parents who never say "No" to their children (American Association of School Administrators: *Education for Family Life*, pp. 66, 67).

Edgar James Swift, in his book *The Psychology of Childhood*, says, on page 284:

The defense mechanism of adults is working overtime today. They try to hide their own incompetence by excuses. "Children are not the same as when we were young," they say. As a matter of fact, however, human nature does not change so quickly. The difference today is in the greater opportunity for getting into trouble and in the perplexity of parents. Parents themselves have more demands upon their time. . . . The call of the automobile and of the various entertainments is as insistent for parents as for the children. Consequently, for all except the more thoughtful, there is less time to plan for the training and development of children in the home.

How May We as Parents Best Teach Obedience in the Home?

First, by example. Obedience is the very first principle a child should learn and it is taught most effectively by the example of the parents. It has been said, "Example is the greatest character builder." No parent should expect a child to obey any principle unless he himself complies.

[Some] children expect to obey until they find that they do not have to do so. They are always trying out their parents to see how far they can go, and if given a little leeway, they invariably accept it and try to push on a little farther. . . . Children are a good deal like the lower animals. They expect at the beginning to recognize authority but when they find that the authority does not restrain they use their freedom to the limit. A horse, for example, when once allowed to run away is never wholly safe (Edgar James Swift: *The Psychology of Childhood*, page 285).

As Latter-day Saints we believe in obedience to the laws of the land. We read in the 134th section of the Doctrine and Covenants:

We believe that all men are bound to sustain and uphold the respective governments in which they reside . . . and that to the laws all men owe respect and deference, as without them peace and harmony would be supplanted by anarchy and terror (D. & C., 134-5, 6).

Our 12th Article of Faith states:

We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers, and magistrates, in obeying, honoring, and sustaining the law.

The surest way to engender disrespect for law among the young is for the grownups to wink at minor infractions of the law or to break a law and justify themselves blandly with the statement that it is either an unjust or unnecessary law. But if the law is scrupulously obeyed and respected in the home, those same ideals will reflect in the lives of the children.

Name an orderly society, name an orderly government, name an orderly home,

and there you will find obedience to correct principles reigning supreme.

Second, we may teach obedience in the home by wise methods of discipline.

Up to about six years of age discipline to a large extent should be training in habits of obedience (EDGAR JAMES SWIFT: *The Psychology of Childhood*, page 287).

But a child should not be given unnecessary commands. If a parent is everlastingly saying, "Don't do this and don't do that," the child is apt to pay very little attention. A request or command should not be retracted nor forgotten, but should be followed to completion. The child must know that excuses and dilly-dallying will get him nowhere.

After a child passes the sixth year his reasoning powers develop more rapidly, and when he begins asking why he must do certain things, he should be given as good a reason as he is capable of understanding. Do not say, "Do this because I say so," but rather, "Do this because it is right," then explain wherein it is right.

Children instinctively like and want to obey, but they rebel at being forced to do things. If they were forced even to play ball the game would be as loathsome as any other imposed task. So it is a great principle to make as much fun out of work as possible. "Let's pretend," is a good slogan. A boy who plays that the lawn mower is a tractor and he is cultivating his field of sugar beets, is not only mowing the lawn, he is making fun out of it as well. While this is a fine thing, a child must also realize that work, hard work, is a necessary part of life and that satisfaction may be gained by doing work well.

It has always been easier to forbid children to do undesirable things and then to punish them if they disobey than to create conditions which shall preserve discipline without punishment (EDGAR JAMES SWIFT: *The Phychology of Childhood*, page 285).

Angelo Patri once said, "Make it easy for children to obey." There are simple procedures which will help to prevent disobedience and make for harmony in the home. For instance, instead of letting John and Tommy quarrel over the use of the bicycle, bring out the clock and allow each child an equal period of time in which to ride. If candy or any other goody is to be apportioned, make a standing rule that one child may divide the treat and the other take his choice of the two divisions. This arrangement is foolproof and any child will recognize it as fair. To go out and tell children that in fifteen minutes or at the end of the present game they are to come in to dinner or go on an errand, is far better than to expect them to immediately break away from an intriguing game of play. When you find a child with something he must not play with, either because it is fragile or dangerous, substitute another toy before taking the first one away, then his interest will have a focus before he has time to feel resentment or to rebel. For members of the family to do things together makes the work much more pleasant. Contests relative to the work are sometimes helpful. Be cheerful when asking a child to do his work. Don't tell him in the spirit of driving. Let him know that you expect the finest type of con-

duct from him. Family pride encourages a child to do his best and to conform to family standards. Show a child that you have confidence and trust in his integrity.

Obedience should receive its due compensation. A pat on the back, a smile or word of praise will show appreciation for good conduct. Emphasizing the good will naturally tend to direct a child's thoughts in the right channels.

Natural punishments are the best form of discipline. A boy who fails to do his daily chores later wants to play football. The mother is sorry for there is no reason in the world why he should not play football except that he neglected to do his work.

> It is just one of those unfortunate laws of nature . . . . If we do things when they should be done, pleasures are in order, but if we fail to do them the penalty is inevitable. . . . It is one of the laws, for the violation of which we must suffer (EDGAR JAMES SWIFT: *The Psychology of childhood*, page 289).

In explaining obedience to adolescents, teach them that all the blessings of life come through obedience to law. Obedience based on full confidence and trust in the words and promises of the Lord should be the directing influence. Similarly, the child's faith and confidence in his parents should increase. It may be accomplished by being absolutely truthful, dependable to promises given, and thoroughly consistent in all dealings. The Lord has given us, in the Doctrine and Covenants, the reason why we should be obedient:

> There is a law, irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundations of this world, upon which all blessings are predicated—And when we obtain any blessing from God, it is by obedience to that law upon which it is predicated (130:20-21).

And, again, from the Doctrine and Covenants:

> I, the Lord, am bound when ye do what I say; but when ye do not what I say, ye have no promise (82:10).

Additional References

DR. HAROLD T. CHRISTENSEN: "The Road to Righteousness," particularly that portion under sub-heading "Obedience Plus," social science lesson published in *The Relief Society Magazine*, October 1944, pp. 605, 606.

TO EACH HIS GIFT

Rose Thomas Graham

In modest brown, the nightingale
Carols all night long;
He does not pray for plumage gay—
God's gift to him is song.

A flash of color across the sky,
The bluebird never sings;
He does not pray in tuneful lay—
God gave him azure wings!

Call It a Day

(*Continued from page 449*)

fully endless eons ago—that morning—and pulled the patchwork quilt over him. Then she began chafing the thin, gnarled hands.

Suddenly Gramp's blue eyelids fluttered open and he looked up into her troubled face. "Now, now, Judy," he said, his voice coming as if from a great distance, "don't look that-a-way. I'm all right. I'm fine."

Judith looked at him mutely, tears rolling unheeded down her cheeks.

"Know what?" Gramp resumed presently, his voice weak but his eyes bright and clear, "I think I'm goin' to get to go at last! I b'leeve they're comin' for me from 'T'other side!' Now, wait!" His weak fingers restrained Judith when she would have risen. "Don't go callin' the neighbors. They can help ye when I'm gone. Jes' stay here and wait with me till they come for me." He paused for breath, and Judith sat quietly holding his hand, his serenity and quiet happiness unconsciously affecting her own spirit.

"Sam'll be here," Gramp whispered presently, "mebbe you won't see him, Judy, but he'll see you and the little ones. I'll tell him you been a good daughter, Judy. I'll tell him—"

It was increasingly difficult for Judith to hear him and she bent closer for his feeble whisper, "I'll tell him I left ye in good hands. Young Bill'll take care of ye, Judy. Sam'll understand. Sam!"

Judith was sure the last word was not the beginning of a never-to-be finished sentence, but a greeting instead! It was an exclamation, and Gramp's voice had strengthened and risen in an inflection of pure joy.

Judith sat on for a moment, sensing, as Gramp must often have done, the mystery and nearness of his longed for "Other Side," almost with the feeling of one who has waved farewell to a joyous traveler, rather than looked upon death.

Then she gently disengaged her hand and pulled up the sheet over the peaceful old face. She glanced at the clock which had counted out so many fateful moments of her life. It was exactly four o'clock—twenty-four hours since she had slipped out so quietly in the dawn.

"What a day!" she murmured softly, smiling tenderly through her tears, "but what a wonderful day for Gramp!"

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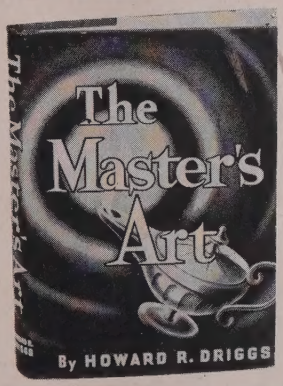

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As we go marching up the hill;
So merrily on the way we go
Until we reach the valley, O!"

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